

# Khedives and Pashas


Sketches of Contemporary Egyptian  
Rulers and Statesmen



CHARLES FREDERIC MOBERLY BELL







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## Khedives and Pashas

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*Bell, Charles*  
KHEDIVES AND PASHAS.

SKETCHES

OF

CONTEMPORARY EGYPTIAN RULERS AND  
STATESMEN.

BY

ONE WHO KNOWS THEM WELL.

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# My Husband and I The introduction

## INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no key to the secrets of history so sure and irresistible as an acquaintance with the inner characters of the men who make history. Acts are to the administrator what words are to the orator—they may express his real mind and design, or they may be used to circumvent his opponents, to further iniquity, and to conceal guilt. The most practised political villain, whose hypocrisy makes him an idol of the vulgar, must throw off the mask at home, for relief—as it is a severe effort, even to Mr. Irving, to assume another character than one's own, even for a few hours. And thus, whatever a man may do or say, he will be governed by the same classes of motives and principles in his conduct as an Ambassador,



a Minister, or a King, which regulate his dealings with his household and tradesmen. The man who bullies his wife and servants will surely make a tyrannous ruler of men; he who cheats the tax-gatherer will peculate the moneys of the State. It is therefore possible, on learning the real natural character of a prominent statesman, to judge of his fundamental political aims and intentions with a degree of precision which cannot otherwise be attained. I live opposite to a butcher's shop, where a black dog lies all day ensconced near the door. He is fighting with a strange dog on the pavement; and the assembled crowd (which a canine encounter never fails to attract in this country) is inclined to blame the stranger dog as the aggressor. But I know better; for I am aware that he has fought stranger dogs (generally smaller than himself) six times a week, on the average, for years past; and that he is invariably the attacking party.

The sketches which follow will probably be found to throw such light on the



characters of the principal living factors in the Egyptian problem, as will enable the intelligent reader truly to interpret their sayings and doings. Although the author's modesty forbids the revelation of his name, it will be as obvious to his readers, as it is to the writer of this introduction, that he has lived very much behind the scenes; that his views of the personages he describes are, upon the whole, charitable; and that he is nevertheless equally fearless and impartial, in criticising their various faults and peculiarities.

It may be objected that the sketches of the ex-Khedive, Ismail, and of Arabi, do not fairly come within the scope of this collection.

It would, however, have been difficult to introduce very many of the historical allusions to be found in the body of the book, without a chapter devoted to the remarkable Prince, who practically introduced Egypt to the knowledge of Europe; and alas! whose restless ambition has brought upon that feeble State all the evils and

drawbacks, but few of the advantages of European civilization. There is, it is well-known, a strong party in Paris, Cairo, Constantinople, and London, intriguing for Ismail's return to power; and so long as he lives, his existence and his claims must be reckoned with, in considering Egyptian affairs.

With regard to Arabi, it will suffice to remark that General Gordon recently declared his belief that the exile now in Ceylon would eventually go back to Egypt, to show that his name cannot be struck out of these sketches. Much needless romance has been woven concerning the character and aims of this man. It is very doubtful, however, if anybody who has perused the account of him contained in these pages will ever bestow another moment's thought upon him or his future.

The chapter upon Arabi is the most elaborate; but that upon the Khedive is perhaps the most interesting. Here the writer of the "sketches" draws, with loving

hand, the portrait of a virtuous and amiable Prince, whose very failings inspire sympathy and respect. Called to a heritage of bankruptcy, discontent, and rebellion, he is shown to have behaved himself with unswerving loyalty to his one sure ally, England, and with matchless devotion to his people. His nature is gentle, forgiving, almost feminine. He would not pistol the beetle-browed rebel in the Abdin Square, and he spared his forfeited life, after Tel-el-Kebir, before it was asked. Yet, with a touch of the leonine daring of Mehemet Ali, he insisted on thoroughly inspecting the cholera hospitals, which his own sanitary officials shrank from entering.

The writer makes small reference to the amazing accusations brought against the Khedive by Lord Randolph Churchill; who, having assumed "Elijah's mantle," must needs look about for some Ahab whom he may courageously denounce. But the description of Lord Randolph's principal witnesses, as wretches whose evidence, given in favour of a man in their own country, where they are

known, would suffice to hang him, is more to the purpose than volumes of reasoning. It is time, by the way, that these tremendous charges, tottering on mere hearsay, or the foul suggestions of unutterable scoundrels—charges which Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, and Lord Salisbury have all contemptuously refused to accept as serious, should either be publicly substantiated, or publicly withdrawn. It was hard enough to prefer them against a blameless Prince, at a moment when his chief city was in ashes, his friends massacred, or destroyed by the cholera, and his dominions invaded ; when—

“ *Amissis, ut fama, (suis) morboque fameque,  
Tristis ad extremi sacrum caput adstitit amnis,  
Multa querens. . .* ”—

but now that three statesmen, Radical, Whig, and Tory, of unrivalled experience, integrity, and ability, reject such charges, made against an ally of the Queen, as false and monstrous, it surely is time for one who aspires to a seat at the Council table

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of his Sovereign to produce at least one pregnant piece of evidence, by some witness whose character will bear examination, in support of such astounding accusations.





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ISMAIL.



ISMAIL.





## KHEDIVES AND PASHAS.

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### ISMAIL.

"Give me mine own again!"—*Rich. II.*

THE first time I had occasion to meet Ismail Pasha was in the early part of 1867. Lord Clarence Paget, then in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, had been sent to invest him with the insignia of the G.C.B., rather, I presume, in view of possible future services, than of any actually rendered.

Egypt was rapidly increasing in political importance. English statesmen were beginning to realize the feasibility of the Suez Canal; and, although Ismail had not distinguished himself during the cholera of

1865, when he placed himself in safety by a precipitate flight, yet he was generally regarded as a man in advance of his age, and, in any case, one whose position might make him useful as a friend and troublesome as an enemy.

By special favour I found myself attached to the staff of the Envoy, and was invited to pass my first night in Cairo at the Kasr-el-Noursa Palace, where I have since seen installed the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the first Turkish mission, and many other distinguished visitors of the Khedives.

A few days after our arrival, there was a grand review of the Egyptian army, at the Abbassiyeh camp (now occupied by soldiers of a very different stamp), and it was here that I first saw the Khedive Ismail, whom I was subsequently to know so intimately. A great attraction at this review was what was called the famous Camel Regiment, which Ismail regarded with much pride. The swarthy, silent Bedouins excited universal

admiration. Not till long afterwards did I learn that it was only a *coup de théâtre*, and that the so-called Bedouins were loafers hired for the occasion.

Ismail Pasha was at that time under forty years of age. His short person, although manifestly tending to corpulence, was slender, compared with what it subsequently became; but he had already that peculiar roll in his walk, which later developed into a waddle, and at first sight deprived him of the appearance of a dignity, the sense of which grew slowly upon one. For he had a sort of dignity, which you gradually recognized—a strikingly gentlemanlike dignity. He was undoubtedly ugly. His ears were large, thick, and broad, and of a form different from any I have ever seen in a human being; his eyebrows projected in a ragged, red tangle, and almost hid his eyes, which seldom seemed to open together. His left eyelid drooped more than the other, and when he was listening seemed closed, while the right orb wandered all over you, as if looking for your weak

point. When he began to speak, the head was jerked aside, the right eye being half-closed, while the left one, turned full into your face, startled you with its flash of Oriental intelligence. People used to say that he heard with one eye and spoke with the other. When, many years afterwards, I repeated this to him, he said, "Yes, and I think with both;" and the expression was happy, for with all his keenness and insight into character, his knowledge both of men and things was superficial, and rather the result of rapidly-formed impressions than of study. His hand was peculiarly ill-shaped, and stiff, like a Guy Fawkes' hand—a glove stuffed with straw.

When on this occasion it came to my turn to be presented to his Highness, the mention of my name, which was long familiar to him, though I myself was not, caused him to honour me with the attention of his speaking eye. The interview resulted in the exchange of a few ordinary expressions of courtesy, lasting for perhaps a minute, but it took me a long time to get over the

impression that during that minute I had been subjected to—very much the sort of examination which a Cairene money-changer accords to an unfamiliar coin.

Some little time afterwards I went, as in duty bound, to inscribe my name in the visitors' book at the palace, and to my surprise was asked to go upstairs. I stayed with him for perhaps ten minutes; I can hardly recall a word that passed, but I remember distinctly that I came away with a temporary impression that I was the one man in all Cairo whom he wished to see, and was anxious most of all to conciliate. I make this unblushing avowal with the less shame, because I have since known experienced old men to undergo the same process, and admit having cherished the same belief.

Ismail's power of fascination was, in fact, his most extraordinary gift, and I have never met a man who failed for the moment to succumb to it. Long afterwards, when I saw him daily, and was able five minutes after I left him to expose the deceptions he had been

uttering, I had to admit that so long as I was in his presence it was almost impossible to avoid being persuaded for the moment.

I have seen all sorts and conditions of men, from Ministers downwards, enter Ismail's reception-room bursting with indignation at some real or supposed insult or injury—I have seen the same men leave it a few minutes afterwards, cooing reconciliation and purring contentment; possibly before an hour had elapsed recognizing the glamour that had been thrown over them.

Speaking to me once of a former amiable but rather weak Consul-General, he said, "I cannot understand ——. He comes here, agrees with all I say, then goes away and abuses me to his Government. Why should he say one thing to my face and another thing behind my back?"

"Has your Highness never asked him?" I said.

Ismail laughed.

"Mon Dieu! twenty times! but he says that he was wrong in his despatch, and will



explain it in the next. Then he makes it worse again. What can I do? *I can't sit with the man while he writes his despatches!*"

Here he half closed his eyes, as he did when saying anything that pleased him.

He once, as delicately as was possible, offered a bribe to a newspaper correspondent. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when he saw that he had made a mistake. He finished his sentence with the words, "and I only say this in order that I may have the luxury of being once refused; as I knew I should be." For five minutes, until in fact his presence had been quitted, that correspondent believed him.

Let it not be thought that his fascination was due simply to powers of Oriental flattery. Such a supposition would be equally an insult to him, and to those upon whom he exercised it. It was due rather to a faculty of reading the nature of the men with whom he had to deal, and adopting their own tone. I have heard him praised by different people for precisely opposite and contradictory

qualities. To one man he would be all suavity and mannerism, and you would hear him praised for his polished manner and knowledge of *savoir-faire*. Another man would laud him because he was business-like and went straight to the point. I remember him treating with two sets of men in reference to the establishment of sugar factories. One set was French, the other came from Manchester. With the former the business took days, and the negotiators were charmed with his complete knowledge of detail, and the care with which he had examined the minutest particulars of their proposals. With the latter all was arranged in a few hours; and the Manchester men went away saying he was the sharpest man of business to be found away from the banks of the Irwell.

I told Ismail of the favourable but totally different impression he had made in each case. His speaking eye lit up with a keen smile, and he said,—

“One man rides a horse, another a

donkey, another a camel, which have all different movements. The best rider is the man who can ride all three equally well."

Another time, when he was talking of sending a special mission to Europe, he lamented that he had no one to send to Paris. "Nubar would do for Constantinople, because he can *tell cracks*; Chérif for England, for he likes shooting; but neither would go down in France. We want a lighter material for Paris wear."

Next to his power of fascination, I should say his capacity for spending money was his salient characteristic. And here was a twist in his character, not perhaps so uncommon as it may seem at first sight. I have known him turn the palace upside down because he was being robbed by his gardener of a few pence a day, and at the same time make a contract resulting in the waste of hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. Before coming to the throne, he was known as a thrifty, saving landowner, who looked after each piastre. When money came pouring

in, the old habit seemed to cling to him, so far as regarded the comparatively small sums with which he had formerly to deal; while of the larger sums which came in with his new position he was a reckless spendthrift.

Probably in the world's history never was seen such reckless profusion of hospitality as was showered on great and small in 1869, upon the opening of the Suez Canal. That the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, and the Crown Prince of Prussia should have been royally treated was to be expected; but that every Tom, Dick, or Harry who chose to ask for an invitation should have given him passage to Egypt, accommodation at first-class hotels, trips up the Nile, and the use of carriages, railways, and telegraphs, without the necessity of spending in the three months a single piastre, was somewhat hard on the tax-payers.

At Ismailia I saw a Frenchman coming out of one of the refreshment booths, complacently patting his capacious waistcoat, while he chuckled,—

“J’ai mangé le patrimoine de trois fellahs.”

I am afraid that before I have finished I shall have to relate a few hard traits in the character of a man whom I yet learnt to like. Let me record first one great redeeming quality—a genuine sense of humour. This made him a charming companion to any one of whose discretion he was sure. There were few prominent men who visited or were resident in Egypt from 1875 to 1879, that I have not heard him discuss with, I believe, almost absolute openness; and some of them are associated in my mind with humorous stories told by the quaint, clever little man, who, sometimes nursing his feet on the sofa, sometimes rolling with ungainly strides about the room, and adding to the effect of his voice by gesture, would while away the few hours of leisure he allowed himself. And rarely was there any spite in the stories; for Ismail, though capable of wicked acts, was not, in the strictest sense of the word, mean.

The Consul-General of a certain Power had

once offended him, peace had been made by a common friend, and he had buried the hatchet by sending a very handsome bracelet to the Consul's wife, who had a somewhat demonstrative but appreciative way of eating macaroni. When the mediator asked him why he had made such costly amends, he replied, "I had no choice between that and asking them to dinner. *Mon cher !* I prefer *war* to seeing that woman eat macaroni !"

The long formal receptions at Bairam, and on the anniversary of his accession, were a great trial to him. The public came in crowds, seated themselves on long divans, and the conversation invariably took the following turn,—

"It is warm (or cool), your Highness."

"It is warm (or cool), gentlemen, but not so warm (or cool) as in Alexandria."

"The difference arises, your Highness, from the fact that Cairo is dry, and Alexandria is damp."

"Precisely so, gentlemen. I have myself observed this difference."



I have attended, perhaps, a dozen of these receptions, and I think I may state that I have never known this conversation to vary.

It was when Ismail was in the throes of his deposition, that a Consul-General came to pay him a visit, and commenced with the same interesting topic. Badgered by the Powers, beginning to lose faith in Constantinople, his generally invariable patience seems to have deserted him, and he interrupted his persecutor,—

“*Mon cher monsieur le Consul-Général*, I know precisely what you are going to say. Will you oblige me by taking note of the fact in future that I consider Cairo to be damp, and Alexandria to be dry ?”

The Consul-General left, and was heard to express a fear that his Highness was losing his memory.

The night before his deposition, Mr. Lascelles, the English, and Mons. Tricou, the French Consul-General, made a last effort to induce him to abdicate in favour of his son. But Ismail had pinned his faith on

Constantinople, and professed to be able to do nothing without the Porte's consent. Mons. Tricou, loud and noisy as he was (it boded little good for peace, by the way, that France's interests in China were once in his hands), said, "But you have acted twenty times in defiance of the Sultan." It was perfectly true; but Ismail knew his man, and he turned on his bully. "I defy you to name one instance!" said he; and the fierce Mons. Tricou, whose strong point was not presence of mind, looked confounded, and was silent. Lascelles, gentlest and yet best of Consuls-General, tried in turn: "But your Highness, would it not be well to show some independence of Constantinople, since the Porte may deceive you." Ismail had answered the bully after his kind. He replied to Lascelles with the quiet humour that he knew would awaken a responsive echo, "Seeing, mon cher monsieur, that the first use you wish me to make of my independence is to abdicate all power, I hardly see the advantage to be gained."



Lascelles told me afterwards that he felt "knocked over," and he could hardly keep his countenance in order to reply. This is a striking instance also of Ismail's insight into character, or secret of fascination. He was literally all things to all men. Chameleon-like, he would take his hue from the man he was addressing—to a bluff man bluff, to a gentleman gentlemanlike, &c.

Ismail's courtesy and consideration seldom failed, and never was he seen to better advantage than when trying to place the nervous at their ease. I was once lunching with him in company with a youthful Englishman, who vainly endeavoured to make himself understood in French. Ismail listened with exemplary patience, helping him with his quick intelligence of half-expressed thought; till the youth, wanting to say that some one had contracted a habit of doing something or another, translated literally, "*il a contracté l'habit.*" Ismail's brow wrinkled, a quick glance of despair came over his face (as he looked to me for

help) and disappeared, and then, making a desperate guess, he replied pleasantly, "Oui, c'est vrai! il était toujours étroitement habillé;" changed the conversation, and led it to safer ground.

His memory was wonderful. On one occasion, about 1875, I disagreed with him as to some point in the original negotiations about the Suez Canal. On the spot he quoted to me some twenty lines of a not important document that he must have received fully ten years before. I took a copy of his quotation at the time, and subsequently found it to be *verbatim*.

Those Abdin lunches recall many pleasant memories. He dined in patriarchal style, with all his Ministers; and generally two European guests, one on each side of him. The conversation was almost entirely in French. The Ministers understood little, and said less; all the interest concentrated in the host; and good conversation was assisted by a capital *cuisine*, and excellent Haute Sauterne, his favourite wine. For, be

it observed, Ismail was by no means a teetotal follower of the Prophet. Indeed, latterly he was said to take more than was good for him, but I cannot say that I ever saw him rendered anything more than additionally genial by wine.

Concerning his general intelligence, there was a good deal of superstition in his character. He objected, among other things, to doing anything important on a Thursday. On one occasion, he was coming down from Constantinople in his yacht *Mahroussa*, then the fastest vessel afloat, and he was informed that he would reach Alexandria on Thursday. He ordered her to be got in by Wednesday. He was told it was impossible. He sent for the English engineer.

"Quite impawisible, yer 'Ighness," said the Briton.

"*Must!*" said the Khedive firmly.

"Blow the 'ole thing up, if I try it," objected the engineer.

"If you get in on Wednesday, you are

made a Bey; if you fail, you are dismissed," said Ismail.

The *Mahroussa* saved her boilers, and got in, the newly-made Bey declaring he was never so near death in his life.

I think I have said that Ismail Pasha had the power of judging character, and I believe he was seldom mistaken, though as a rule he rigidly adhered to his first impression. He prided himself on this, and used to say, "I feel it within me, when I am talking to a *man*." His ideal of a man, he used to say, was Chinese Gordon. "When that man comes into the room, I feel I am with my superior."

"What about ——?" I asked once, naming a man of whom I knew he had a high opinion.

"He, too, is a man," was the reply, "but not my superior."

It is not my purpose to attempt the portrayal of Ismail's character. That is an enigma which others who have liked him less than I did must solve. But I can

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hardly avoid touching on perhaps the keynote to it. Ismail was essentially a creature of circumstances ; good soil badly cultivated, or left to cultivate itself. His instincts were good, his capacity large, but he had never been taught to recognize that there was any other law than that of his own will, limited by his own intelligence. Between right and wrong, as abstract principles, he recognized no distinction. Did this counsel suit him—he adopted it. Was this man useful to him—he made a friend of him. Was that man dangerous to him—he got him out of the way, with as little compunction as I would feel in killing a scorpion. Can such a man be a true friend ? No, but he may be a very lovable acquaintance. Because it will serve to explain my meaning, let me consider my own relations with him. First of all, he had reasons for liking my name ; next, I wanted and asked absolutely nothing from him, which was a rare point in my favour. Next, he thought that he could make use of me for his own purposes ; that led him to make him-

self agreeable. Finding that he was mistaken, but also that I could not or would not injure him, and finding, I suppose, some pleasure in being able to talk freely with some one, neither a diplomatist nor a creditor, he became at last friendly. Having reached this point with a man, he would have gone any length, and done him any service, if it had been asked. No generosity or sacrifice would he have shrunk from, except one touching his own interest. But let such a man be under no delusions. If the day after Ismail loaded him with favours, perfectly sincerely, and perfectly disinterestedly, that man's removal became necessary to his plans, he would sacrifice him, not without some thought—with a little regret, perhaps—just as we should shoot a favourite dog that had gone mad.

"It became necessary," he said of the darkest deed he ever did, the murder of Ismail Pasha Sadyk, his trusted friend, and Minister of Finance. In Blue Books, of course, he speaks otherwise—the man died of

drink, or some such cause. But in private conversation, without expressly admitting it, he says, with neither shame nor hypocrisy, "It became necessary." Necessary to himself, that is. What other law was there for all Egypt and its inhabitants under Ismail Pasha?

There is the key to the character of the man, and the history of the country in his time.

Taught from his youth to fight for life, with his own shrewd wit as his sole weapon, to fence against financiers with their own arms, he was a throned Ishmaelite.









## TEWFIK.

"This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre . . .  
. . . by slow prudence to make mild  
A rugged people, and through soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
Most blameless is he."

*Ulysses.*

IN the year 1853, ten years, that is, before Ismail became Viceroy of Egypt, one of his female slaves presented him with a son. She was not one of his wives, she occupied a rather menial position in the then modest household, but she captivated the attentions of her master, and as a member of the harem she became, without the shadow of a reproach, the mother of Mahomed Tewfik. Ismail rather resented the intrusion. His legitimate wives, of whom he had only three

(one short of the prescribed number), had only presented him with females, or males who had died young, and the healthy boy who was now born, was therefore his eldest son.

Priority of birth is generally among Moslems a matter of small importance, but in this case it became, as we shall see, a matter of considerable interest. As it was, it gave the slave a right to the vacant position of fourth wife, a concession which Ismail secretly disliked, and was in no hurry to grant. For he had apparently wearied of his love, and, with that illogical injustice not peculiar to him only, he vented his displeasure on the unfortunate slave and her offspring. The wives, we may be sure, did not pour oil on the troubled waters, and the result was that the two were treated with indifference, and became the Hagar and Ishmael of the harem. But Hagar knew her rights, and, though she was unable to enforce them for some time, her unfaithful lover had to content himself with three-fourths of his

legitimate quota of wives, while she bided her time.

So it stood when circumstances played the game into her hands. Ismail was desirous of changing the order of succession ; his successor, according to the firman, was his uncle Halim, as the eldest living male descendant of Mehemet Ali. Ismail was intelligent enough to see that the change of the Viceroyalty from one branch of the family to another was fatal to any substantial government in Egypt ; so, though he cared as a rule little for his people, we may as well give him the credit of this motive, though a hearty detestation of Halim personally had probably something to do with it.

His object was to alter the succession so that the Viceroyalty should go from father to son. His second and favourite wife had meanwhile presented him with a boy, Ibrahim Helmy, on whom the father had fixed his hopes as his successor. But, imagining that he would find no difficulty on this point, he kept it in the background, and

worked for his project without mentioning names. Liberal largess, and still more liberal promises, secured him his object at Constantinople; but at the last moment, when it became necessary to give the name of the future ruler of Egypt, the Porte and the Powers alike insisted that the change should be in favour of the eldest son. Ismail resisted, but the combination was too strong for him; Mohamed Tewfik was declared to be the heir to the Viceroyalty, and Ismail grudgingly accorded to the patient, but still obnoxious Hagar, her rights.

But, like all men convinced against their will, Ismail would not alter his opinion, and both Tewfik and his mother became thorns in his flesh. At no time did he ever cordially sympathize with his son, or take much trouble about him; other sons were sent to Paris, to Oxford, or to Woolwich, but Tewfik was educated at home; and if he owes to that fact some of the defects of his character, he is indebted to it for some advantages.

Once indeed, in 1870, he was started off

on a tour to the Continent, but the Franco-Prussian war breaking out, he was recalled before he had gone farther than Vienna, and this is all of the world outside of the Nile Delta that Tewfik has seen.

Home-staying youths have ever homely wits, and Tewfik is no exception. No one can claim for him the talent of his father: but neither can any one accuse him of his father's defects.

These papers, however, are neither studies of character nor even portraits, but very slight sketches, and I simply record my own personal reminiscences of a man who, with nothing deep in his character, is yet much misunderstood.

On the 26th June, 1879, at about 10.30 a.m., there was a curious little drama proceeding in the Abdin Palace at Cairo. Upstairs was Ismail Pasha vigorously remonstrating with a newspaper correspondent, who was trying to induce him to abdicate, to escape that deposition which the correspondent knew to be imminent.

"I tell you," said the little man, "that no decision has yet been taken; I do not deny that we are on the eve of an important one. I have here," and he fumbled with difficulty in his pockets, "a telegram from Abraham Bey," his agent at Constantinople, and brother-in-law to Nubar. "Nothing will be decided till after the Imperial Council, at four this afternoon. If you will come to lunch, we will await the telegram together."

And while this was going on upstairs, there was much excitement below, for Ministers and courtiers were busy examining the envelope of a telegram inscribed, "Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt." Each one as he took it up dropped it like a hot cinder, and found that he had important business elsewhere.

"Oh, Kairy Pasha," said the Master of Ceremonies to the Keeper of the Seals, "it is clearly your business to take this telegram to his Highness."

"I!" said Kairy Pasha, "it is manifestly



a matter which pertains to the Ministry," and he shuffled off.

At last came Chérif, a bluff, blunt old man, with no great intelligence, indeed, but caring as little for Khedives as for Commissioners of Inquiry. With a little hesitation he took the telegram, and entered the room as the correspondent left.

Ismail's face changed, I am told, very slightly as he read it; the two eyes closed for a moment, then he opened it and repeated, "You will obey his august Majesty the Sultan by resigning the Khedivate into the hands of Mahomed Tewfik, Khedive of Egypt." He folded up the telegram very carefully, and placed it on the table by his side.

"Send for his Highness Tewfik Pasha, at once," was all he said, and he sat still and waited.

Meanwhile, at the Ismailia Palace in Cairo, where Tewfik lived in quiet obscurity, another telegram had arrived, addressed, "Mahomed Tewfik, Khedive of Egypt." To be sure there was no hesitation in deliver-

ing this telegram. It had been brought full pelt from the office, and the competition had been as to who should present it.

So it happened that Tewfik had got the news a little before his father. I could safely guess how he would receive it, but I never happened to hear, and will resist the temptation to suggest; only when Chérif came with his message, the carriage was already at the door, and the two started for Abdin.

On the way Tewfik showed to Chérif, in silence, the telegram he had received. "Your Highness will take measures to have yourself proclaimed Khedive of Egypt at the citadel this afternoon," said Chérif.

He returned the telegram, and with unbroken silence they arrived at the palace.

"How will he be received?" was the question.

Terrible were the hints as to Ismail's vengeance against the son that he already loathed.

Ismail was waiting in the long north room

of the Palace of Abdin, seated moodily at the end farthest from the door. As the door opened he rose, walked across the room to meet him, raised Tewfik's hands to his lips, and said,—

“I salute my Effendina.”

Then placing his two hands on his shoulders, he kissed him on both cheeks, with the words, “That he may be more successful than his father—” and, without another word, he crossed from the room to his harem, and Tewfik I., Khedive of Egypt, stood alone.

I saw the setting sun two hours later, but I am not now writing of him, and will only record one remark he made:—

“I cannot go to the installation this afternoon; I do not think that can be expected of me, but I shall be the first to call and inscribe my name in the books of the new Sovereign of Egypt. Now we will have a game of tric-trac.”

But the rising sun Tewfik had no time for tric-trac, he had to make very

hurried preparations for the ceremony. At four o'clock he passed through the streets, crowded with soldiery, accepting his honours with grace, "as to the manner born."

Previous to this date I had seen little of Tewfik. I had paid him occasional visits of ceremony on his little estate at Koubeh, but the conversation, turning mainly on potato culture, did not interest me. He took great pride in the personal welfare of his labourers, and had started schools for the education of the children, but it was impossible to get him to express an opinion on politics. His intelligence was at least sufficient to show him that his father was ruining the country, and as he had no influence, delicacy prevented him from offering futile criticism.

But from the date of his accession until to-day, I have, perhaps, seen more of him than have most Englishmen, and without ever having felt towards him that strong fascination which Ismail, with much less sterling qualities, was able to exercise, I have learnt with every day's intercourse to

recognize that I had to do with a man, no genius indeed, but with good, solid qualities not apparent at first sight.

In appearance Tewfik Pasha is beginning to have a singular resemblance to his father, though it would be difficult to state in what the resemblance consists, for, taken separately, it is impossible to trace it in any single feature, and the expression is wholly different.

At first sight he would appear a heavy, rather clumsy Turk, not without dignity, but too wanting in expression to be interesting. Very soon, however, as he begins to speak, his face lights up with a pleasant smile, and, if he is in a communicative humour, you are placed at your ease by the feeling that you are talking to a man who means all he says. Perhaps he is sometimes too boyish and child-like to be dignified, but there are times when he has shown a little of his father's quickness of reply.

Very shortly after his accession, Mons. Tricou, the French Consul-General, with

that gross want of tact which characterized his every act, ventured to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of his remaining intimate with his father.

“Mons. Tricou, I listen to you as Khedive, not as a son.”

When England and France were re-establishing the Control, to which he was said to be opposed, one of Tenniel's cartoons represented him as disliking his new “pair of boots.” I showed it to him. He looked at it closely, and then said, “Ah! but this is a *pair*. Your Mr. Punch should have drawn two odd boots—one of English make, one of French make.” Although in the early part of his reign compelled to wear the odd pair, and to look as if he found them equally pleasant, he never concealed from me, at least, his strong English prepossessions; and he was fond of saying, “They make French boots too narrow; they pinch in the toes.” This mild little joke was repeated in various forms until the abolition of the Dual Control, when I congratulated

him upon getting into Egyptian babooshes again. "Yes," he added, "but English-soled."

Humour is certainly not his strong point, but he has a certain sense of the ridiculous. A little before the recent troubles, there appeared in Cairo a newspaper correspondent who loudly complained that he could not get presented to the Khedive. I knew enough of this gentleman to feel sure that, unless he secured an introduction, the columns of the *Howler* would soon be full of virulent abuse of the Khedive, while an exactly contrary result could be obtained with very little trouble, and, knowing the value of public opinion, I interested myself to get the emissary of the *Howler* an audience. The result was that, while I was with the Khedive, Tonino Bey, gentlest of Masters of the Ceremonies, brought in a card, and referred his Highness to me for information. The card was covered with an inscription in Turkish, detailing all the glories that the owner had acquired elsewhere. Tewfik gave



a low, prolonged whistle of astonishment. "Who is he? Shall I receive him?" I hinted that very little would make him a friend, still less an enemy; that it was worth while getting as many friends in the press as possible.

"Talk to him alone: give him an extra cigarette," I said, and as I left, crossed —, who entered.

A quarter of an hour later the correspondent came out again. Beaming with satisfaction, he took me aside,—

"I am surprised to find him so intelligent a man; he was evidently very anxious to see me. Will you have a cigarette? Tewfik insisted on filling my case."

The Khedive not smoking himself, the palace cigarettes are notoriously bad, and I declined with thanks; but the *Howler* went very straight from that day forward.

I have spoken of him as boyish, and he loves to tell innumerable stories of his encounters with the English guards who were placed round his palace when we first entered



Cairo. He always rises early, and generally begins his reading of official reports at 5 a.m.; but one morning he had slipped out into the gardens of Ghezireh at sunrise, and was returning to the palace, when he was stopped by a sentry,—

“Yer can’t go in ’ere, yer know,” said Tommy Atkins, with goodnatured contempt for the ignorance of an evident “furriner.”

“But I belong to the palace,” said the Khedive in his hesitating English.

“Oh, do yer—well, what sort of a place ’ave yer got?”

“Very good.”

“Ah, fine times, I s’pose; nothin’ to do and plenty to eat, from the look of yer. Wouldn’t mind servin’ this chap myself, if ’e’d give me six shillin’ a day; what sort of a feller is he?”

Just then the sergeant coming round, saluted the Khedive, who passed in, to the horror of Tommy Atkins, now recognizing his mistake.

The colonel getting to hear of the incident,

thought it necessary to offer an apology to the Khedive, who, however, was delighted, and told the story at least twice a day for a month. Ismail would at one time have taken the man into his service, and possibly, out of pure caprice, made him a pasha before long. But Tewfik does not indulge in pranks of this sort.

Another time something of the same sort happened, and Tewfik gave a small coin to the sentry.

"Thank you, Johnnie," said the soldier.

Tewfik gave a larger coin.

"Much obliged, sir," said the sentry, making a salute.

Tewfik gave a gold coin.

"Beg your pardon, yer 'Ighness ! Present arms there !"

Perhaps the most striking point of Tewfik's character is his reserve of passion-courage. Let me explain what I mean, for I do not wish to misrepresent him as a Ney. Of that sort of courage which we call presence of mind he has none. When he found himself

surrounded by 4000 soldiers, who, I believe, would have hanged Arabi had he taken the initiative, and boldly disarmed him, he could not be induced, even by Sir Auckland Colvin, to take the necessary measures. It had come upon him too suddenly, and Tewfik requires time to grasp an idea. But when a mighty fleet was preparing to bombard the forts, the strongest of which was but a few yards from his palace, when not only his own subjects, but Europeans, were leaving the town for safety, nothing would induce him to place himself out of harm's way. I was one among many who took leave of him on the 10th of July, 1882, doubting ever to see him again alive. In the whole city there were, perhaps, not a dozen men upon whom he could rely as friends, while the 8000 soldiers had been taught to regard him as an enemy. But he said, "My duty is with my people!" and there was no entreaty that could alter his resolution. I left his presence, and a few minutes later saw Sir Beauchamp Seymour: of the two, the latter showed more anxiety and less

self-possession. I saw the Khedive again three days later, when, after having been held a prisoner at Ramleh by unruly soldiers, he had again obtained safety, and Arabi was sheltered behind Kafr Dawar. He showed less emotion than I did: he was as calm as if nothing had happened.

We have seen in the newspapers another instance in the last few months. While natives and Europeans were alike clamouring for cordons to bind in their unhappy, pestilence-stricken countrymen, careless whether or not they died, so long as they themselves could be kept free from contact, Tewfik quietly announced that he was going into the lion's den—to Cairo itself. There was consternation among the suite, who thought they would be bound to follow, but none on the part of the Khedive, or of the Khediviah, his wife.

"I am going. Arrange among yourselves who shall accompany me." And when the brave little lady announced that she too was going, who could hesitate?

At Cairo there was talk of protecting him by a special cordon round the palace; but he called for his carriage, and drove to the cholera hospital, spoke to the patients, examined minutely into their comforts—did in fact what, to the best of my belief, no other of his countrymen would have done.

It has been supposed that he is cruel and vindictive, because he is said to have uttered strong things against Arabi. Now, I was in Egypt at that time, and I can say that I never met a man who did *not* say strong things against Arabi, and few had so much reason as Tewfik. When a man has had your head in chancery for an hour and suddenly the position is reversed, you are not apt at once to utter the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, and are more likely to find expression for your feelings in some of the Psalms of David.

“Job didn’t put his naked heel on the business end of a tin-tack!” said the American who, in jumping out of bed, indulged in strong language, and was reminded of the

patience of the son of Uz ; and harsh critics should try and realize the position. I feel pretty certain that the Khedive never used stronger language about Arabi than Lord Randolph Churchill has applied to Mr. Gladstone, and he probably received harder treatment at the hands of his rebel subject than even the Premier has inflicted on the leader of the Fourth Party.

The involuntary mention of Lord Randolph compels me to refer to his ridiculous charges against the Khedive. If my Egyptian sketches are sufficiently interesting to warrant their continuance, I shall find materials for an interesting, though somewhat repulsive one in a group of the principal witnesses in support of this charge. At present, all it seems necessary to say is, that their unsupported evidence in favour of any one man, would in Egypt, where they are known, be considered almost sufficient to justify his execution.

If I wanted to summarize Tewfik's character in one word, I could choose none better than



“loyal.” I have seen him under almost all possible circumstances, and, though he has done many foolish things, I do not think that he has ever committed any one act which had not its basis in an honest wish to do what he thought right. After the bombardment, for instance, he issued what I thought was a very disingenuous proclamation, practically exonerating Arabi for resisting the English, and blaming him for not continuing the struggle up to a certain date. I still think the proclamation was foolish, but on remonstrating with him, I soon saw the current of ideas which had produced it in his mind. He wished to wipe off all old scores and to begin anew. True, all the soldiers were really fighting against his orders; but if so, they were all rebels. He opened the door for their escape, he accepted the liability for what had been done, he covered their guilt by his proclamation; “Only come in now,” he practically said, “only obey my orders now, at a date when I tell you I have made peace with the English, and

the past I not only excuse, but will defend you for."

A roundabout way, thinks John Bull, with his strong common sense. "Yes, my dear sir, but Tewfik is not a John Bull, has not your common-sense English way of looking at things; moreover, if he had, he is not addressing Englishmen, or men who would understand it, and I never pretended that he was a genius."

Loyal to the core, he refused to intrigue against his father, in spite of repeated temptations; equally loyally he accepted and supported a Dual Control, which he always prophesied would fail. Foreseeing the significance of the Arabi movement long before his Ministers did so, he loyally accepted the rôle of constitutional Sovereign which had been given him, and, except by advice which was neglected, refused to interfere, when the consequences of that neglect had brought his country under a military dictatorship; loyal to England and France, he turned a deaf ear to the Porte. Loyal to-day he



accepts Lord Dufferin's constitution, knowing full well that it will be found wanting.

In fact, Tewfik has been far too loyal for his own interests ; had he insisted a little more strongly on his own ideas, he would have been met indeed by the remonstrances of England and France, but, like Arabi, he would have been given ample time to show his intentions, and the military movement would never have been allowed to grow to the proportions which it assumed before it was crushed at Tel-el-Kebir. But, because he acted loyally and refused to override the decision of his Ministers, because he followed implicitly the advice of England and France, he has been accused of vacillation and weakness of character.

Those who make such a charge must surely forget that during his reign he has taken no single measure without the concurrence of Sir Edward Malet ; that Sir Edward may be reasonably supposed to have given no advice without the consent of his Government, and that any feebleness of purpose which has

been shown, reflects therefore not on Tewfik, but on our own policy.

Admitting that the Khedive acted loyally, how could it be reasonably expected that his policy should be characterized by firmness. Our Indian experience has shown us how difficult it is to rule a distant possession from Downing Street; but in the case of Egypt, we not only tried to rule without showing that we ruled, we not only were liable to our own fluctuations of policy, but at every step we had to consult another Power with almost monthly changes of ministry, and frequently to take into consideration the susceptibilities of at least four other Powers, each subject to similar vacillations.

Tewfik is certainly not particularly strong-minded or opinionated, but had he been so, he could not have proved so loyal to his allies as he has done.

But when the question is no longer one in which his position as Khedive is concerned, Tewfik can be firm enough. I have shown

how he replied to Mons. Tricou, when the latter ventured interference with his private affairs, and he was equally firm when he refused to secure his own safety by sacrificing as a sop to Arabi the adherents of his father.

Among those who know him best he inspires strong affection, among all he commands respect ; but the highest testimony to his character would be given by the labourers and tenants of his small private estate at Koubeh, for they have seen him as a man and a master, not as a Khedive. Solicitous as to their comfort, generous in supplying their every want, strict in punishment of their faults, but just in every word and act, he enjoys, there, a popularity possessed by perhaps no other landowner in Egypt.

The education of children is one of his hobbies, and no man had done more for the education of the Egyptian masses than Tewfik even before he came to the throne.

His children have English nurses and Eng-

lish masters, and are brought up with military discipline. An English official once brought as a present for Prince Abbas a small, highly-ornamented sabre. The small boy of eight was not, however, allowed to receive it, as he had not yet shown sufficient proficiency to be entitled to it. He was only a corporal, the sword was ordered to be kept for him until he was a lieutenant!

With all this there is certainly no harshness, for it is difficult to imagine two brighter or apparently happier boys than Princes Abbas and Ibrahim; returning salutes with perfect gravity, there is yet a merry twinkle in their eyes as they recognize any one whom they call "Our father's friend." Tewfik never tires of telling how, when he goes into the nursery and speaks English to them, they laugh at his pronunciation, and correct his errors.

The mention of the English nurse reminds me of a small act of Tewfik's, which illustrates very well the kind thoughtfulness of the man. No sooner had he passed in safety through

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the burning streets of Alexandria, after two days' fearful anxiety, than, at a moment when he had matters of vital importance to occupy him, he sent for an English friend, and begged him to telegraph to the family of his nurse that she was in perfect safety.

An English general officer who had seen much of him, summed him up in one word :  
"He is a little gentleman."









## ARABI.

"The three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops."

*Henry VI., Part II.*

PROBABLY of no character in the present century has more rubbish been written than of Achmet Arabi.

He has been declared a genius and a fool, a patriot and a tyrant, a statesman and an anarchist. He has been compared to Garibaldi and to Bomba, to Cavour and to Marat, to Washington and to Nero. His descent has been traced from Mahomed, and from a Scottish clan. He has been dubbed a Spaniard, a Jew, and an Irishman.

The history of his life will never need to be written, but the humble character of these sketches may, perhaps, warrant a few pages

being devoted to a man who, equally undeserving of esteem, praise, or blame, has acquired sufficient notoriety to justify a passing notice.

Ahmed Arabi was born somewhere about the year 1840, in the village of Heyha, in the province of Charkieh, in Lower Egypt. His father was a respectable fellah, since deceased, possessing a few acres of land, working it as best he could, and living in the usual squalid dirt and poverty characterizing his class.

No extraordinary portents marked his birth; to this day his mother and himself are unable to agree as to the year of the event, or as to whether he was the second or fourth son which she bore to his father. It would appear that the good woman called two of her sons Achmet, and one of them died. The others, as is the case in many Arab fellah families, have disappeared, died, or, what is almost the same thing, become soldiers. There has even been a doubt expressed as to whether he is the son of the

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woman he calls his mother, or whether he does not belong to another of the same family. All that we know is that he was of the family of Arabi of Heyha, and the very loose way in which family records are kept leaves this point of the vaguest character. He was called Ahmed Arabi, he accepted the name, and I do not know that it is of any importance to inquire further. Ahmed Arabi, then, got what is called an education at the village schools, that is, he learnt to sing chapters of the Koran with a book before him, an effort of memory which in Egypt is known as reading. In time, his family being of small means, he was unable to escape the conscription, and was drafted off with others to the army. Being of full size, and of average intelligence, he became an officer. Said Pasha fancied Egyptian officers, and as there was no other qualification of merit possible, he chose the best-looking men. At Said's death he was a captain, and among the officers of the guard at the palace in Cairo. He was once rather noisy under the palace

windows, and Ismail, explaining that he made more noise than the big drum, and was less useful, ordered him to receive punishment, and to be removed.

This was his first grievance against Ismail Pasha, and very shortly afterwards he was induced by one Ali Roubi to join a secret society of native officers. This society proposed to itself two objects ; the one abolition of the invidious favouritism shown to Circassian officers, the other the deposition of Ismail Pasha.

I shall have more to say of this society later ; for the moment, Arabi was a very un-influential member of it, the real leader being his friend, Ali Roubi.

War broke out between Egypt and Abyssinia, Arabi was in charge of transports at Massowah, and a charge of corruption being made against him, he fell in disgrace. I may as well at once say that a charge so frequently and unjustly made against any man whom it is desirable to get rid of, does not really discredit the accused.

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From what I can learn, it is far more probable that Arabi showed some insubordination, or possibly opposed peculation in his superiors, than that he himself was guilty of it. The charge proves nothing more than that some one wanted to get rid of him. The punishment had probably much to do with future events. Still further embittered against Ismail and the Circassian officers, with time lying idly on his hands, he took to attending lectures at the Mosque El Azhar, acquired that facility of expressing vague nothings which is his sole talent, and added to his other dislikes that of Europeans.

After a time Ismail, always working to increase the army, allowed him again to join a regiment ; and he resumed his connection with the secret society, becoming a far more important member of it. His recent religious training, and his eloquence, so called, added to a rather striking person, and a reputation for sincerity, carried weight in an assembly where the one-eyed was king. Ali

Roubi, who was a man of more ability than character, saw that with other qualities he was vain and easily led, and that Arabi would make a better figure-head than himself. Foreseeing, moreover, a certain amount of danger, he resolved to cede the post of honour to his friend, while really maintaining control over him.

Such was the position when Ismail found himself at loggerheads with the European advisers, whom he had recently summoned to his help. Against the inconvenient pretensions of the Powers, it became necessary for him to find some support. After trying in vain to sow discord between England and France, after failing to raise the Sultan from his apathy, the only hope that seemed left to him was that of creating, or pretending to create, a National Egyptian Party.

It so happened that at that time the secret society, seeing that Ismail was in difficulties, thought that the occasion had come for which they had long been waiting. Ali Roubi opened up negotiations with Ali

Moubareh, a member of the Cabinet, and a native, like themselves. Roughly they sketched to him their plan; it was to place him, Ali Moubareh, at the head of the movement, and to, ask, with arms in their hands, the deposition of Ismail.

Ali Moubareh was shrewd enough to see that there was little chance of success in such a scheme. Ismail would have quietly got rid of the chiefs, and the reign of the Circassians would have been more assured than ever. He took the whole story to his master.

Ismail was aghast. Feeble as the plan was, it showed him a power in his army of which he had hardly dreamed. Here was the means to obtain such a support as he required.

Unless I have failed to give any idea of Ismail's character, it will be readily understood that no considerations of personal resentment stood in his way. Here were men capable of showing a certain amount of boldness against him; they must clearly be



used in his favour. He sent for some of the chiefs, and Ali Roubi, Arabi, and Toulba, with, we may imagine, misgivings which were only allayed with much difficulty, waited upon the Khedive.

There happened then what, as I have said, happened almost invariably with those that Ismail cared to charm. They entered as his enemies, they came out as his allies. Seventy native officers were in one day made lieutenant-colonels; Arabi was among them, and received in addition the high honour of one of the Khedivial harem slaves as his wife.

A few days afterwards a little comedy was enacted at Cairo. Nubar and Rivers Wilson, while driving to the Ministry of Finance, were stopped and assaulted by soldiers; the scuffle assumed the dignity of a riot, the Khedive was sent for, and showed presence of mind. Received with cheers by the soldiers, he promised them redress, ordered them to their homes, and posed as the restorer of order.

Then he sent for the consuls, pointed out to them the unpopularity of Nubar, said he



could only guarantee order if Nubar were dismissed, and gained his point.

The threat of a repetition of the comedy sufficed for him to get rid of the other Ministers, and, as the head of a National Party, he again ruled alone.

And of all this Arabi was a spectator ; the lessons sank deep into his mind, and bore dangerous fruit.

Is it necessary to ask how Ismail, generally so astute, committed the blunder of showing the army their power ? The explanation is not difficult. Ismail's policy was invariably one of the hour—the obstacle of the moment must be crushed at any cost ; that once done, the tool, if it became dangerous, could be crushed too. Ismail wished to get rid of European supervision, and he used Arabi and his friends as the readiest means of doing so. He was far too clever a man not to see that he had created a Frankenstein Monster, far too unscrupulous a one to allow it to exist after it had served its purpose.

The too-hurried deposition of Ismail that

followed saved him from another crime, saved Arabi's life, and necessitated our intervention three years later.

Yet Arabi can hardly have recognized this, for he was averse to the deposition. He took the famous oath at the citadel, swearing to defend Ismail with his life, and forty-eight hours later made his obeisance to Tewfik.

Before Ismail left the country, he spent one long night closeted with his son and successor. He had, as I have said, not much affection for him; but still in the new Khedive lay for the moment all the hope of his family being allowed to retain the throne, and he gave him the best advice he could. It would be curious to know all the counsel given by this wily Ulysses to the untried Telemachus; it has never been revealed; but I know that, among his warnings, he pointed out to Tewfik the dangerous sense of power which had been gained by the army. From the remedy which he counselled, the sensitive and gentle Tewfik shrank in horror; but the warning settled deeply in his mind,

and accounts to a great extent for the unusual acumen which he showed in recognizing the danger and importance of a movement which Riaz persisted in calling "rien."

Since the new Khedive felt that he could not adopt the radical measures recommended by his father, he took the opposite tack, that of conciliation, and tried to bind the officers to him by gratitude. He let it be known that with his accession there was a tacit amnesty for all the past. "We have all been wrong," he said generously; "let us all begin afresh;" and he made Arabi and others full colonels.

Had Arabi been either a man of intelligence or of patriotic intentions, he would have grasped the opportunity so cordially offered him, and thrown the weight of such influence as he possessed on the side of the young Khedive. It is difficult to judge what would have been the positive gain to the country had such a course been adopted: the negative gain is manifest to any man who wished to see Egypt spared from war,

for there would have been no Tel-el-Kebir and no costly indemnity. But it is probable that Arabi's influence, which depended, as I shall show, mainly upon promises that no Government could execute, would have been of little avail; and if his object were simply notoriety, he was more likely to obtain it by opposition to, than by support of, the Government.

However that may be, it is certain that he made no cordial attempt to work well either with the Khedive or the Ministry. The Minister of War at the time was one Osman Pasha Rifki, a most energetic Turk, who had been very intimate with Arabi in earlier days, and with whom therefore it might have been expected that Arabi could work cordially. Yet it was with this man that the struggle first began; and because it is necessary to judge Arabi's character that we should ascertain, as closely as possible, his motives; and because this period has been rather lost sight of, I shall dwell upon it at more length than its importance might seem to merit.

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Whatever were the faults of Riaz, he was perfectly sincere, if not always successful, in trying to put down that vice of the country—peculation of all the officials in every department. Among others, it was notorious that the Army Budget was unnecessarily large, owing to the imperfect check kept on the accounts of the regiments. Sir Evelyn Wood could tell us many stories of what has been since discovered, which are quite sufficient to prove, if there had ever been any doubt about it, the systematic robbery by which the State and the soldiers alike were robbed. There was robbery in the weight of the provisions; in the price paid, in the number of rations indented for; and when the wretched soldiers at last got their miserable portions, the officers used to share with them, and pocket their own special allowances. Such things, which as I say are only proved now, were very well known to Riaz, and he was therefore amply justified, and only acting in the interests of the soldiers themselves, in insisting upon searching inquiry. Osman Pasha

Rifki was a man of honesty and energy, and set to work to examine the accounts of each regiment. Now let me at once say that no such peculation was proved against Arabi. I should like to say that his accounts were found correct; but, as a matter of fact, they had not come under examination before Osman Rifki was dismissed; still, as there was nothing proved against him, he is entitled to the supposition that he was personally honest. But on the assumption that he really was what he, or I should say his ill-advised friends have since pretended he was—a single-minded patriot, anxious to reform the abuses under which his countrymen were labouring, what attitude would he have adopted towards Osman Pasha Rifki?

Here was a man, a Minister, a personal friend, instructed to inquire into and prevent the oppression and robbery of the soldiers. Surely if there were any measure which the patriot colonel might have been expected to support with his heart and soul, it was this. He, free himself from such dishonesty, the

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soul of honour, as he has been called, knowing intimately, as an ex-transport officer, all the commissariat system of the regiments, must have been fully aware of all these abuses now revealed by Sir Evelyn Wood; he must have been aware too that the main sufferers from it were his own fellow-countrymen in the ranks, for whom we are told he was willing to sacrifice so much. Negative, if you will, his intelligence, and assume that he was ignorant of all this, yet he was told that such a charge was alleged, and surely that strong sense of honour and of justice which he is said to possess would have compelled him to insist upon inquiry. I am sorry to say he took an exactly opposite course. First with Osman Rifki, and then with Abd-el-Al and Ali Fehmi, he did all in his power to choke inquiry; he threw obstacles in the way; he taught the ignorant soldiers that the object was to reduce their rations; he excited throughout a feeling of discontent. The inquiry, thwarted at every step, went on slowly. Abd-el-Al was found to have made



120*l.* in the purchase of meat alone. Ali Fehmi had pocketed 400*l.* When these two men, his personal friends, were implicated, Arabi's fury knew no bounds; he openly insulted Osman Rifki; the three threatened him with vengeance, and in a short time complaints of every nature against him and other Turkish officers were sent direct to the Khedive.

These became so frequent that the Minister of War at last issued an order that all petitions from officers were to come through him, and threatened punishment in the event of the order being disobeyed. The colonels took no notice, and a further petition having been sent direct, they were summoned to appear before the Minister of War at the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks.

The three colonels obeyed the summons, but, as they left their regiments, two of them, Abd-el-Al and Ali Fehmi, said, "If we do not return within an hour, come and fetch us." On arrival at the palace the colonels found themselves before a court-martial, but



hardly had the proceedings begun before a turbulent crowd of soldiers broke into the Ministry, upset chairs and tables, boldly carried off the three colonels at their head to Abdin Palace, and demanded the dismissal of the Minister of War. The Khedive was helpless; Riaz, aghast at this sudden development of "rien," was unable even to gasp advice. The English and French Consuls were unable to act without instructions, and the mob was pressing. Tewfik gave way, Osman Rifki was dismissed, and Mahmoud Sami was made Minister of War.

All this took place on the 1st February, 1881. Twenty months after Tewfik's accession, it may be taken as the commencement of the second period, that when slumbering discontent broke into open defiance, and when, for the second time, the army achieved a victory.

The first time they had acted in obedience to Ismail, to obtain his objects; and then learnt their power; this time they had acted under their own orders for their own objects,

and had *used* their power. And here it is worth while drawing attention to the fact that the order which produced the riot was given, not by Arabi, but by Ali Fehmi and Abd-el-Al. Both of these men had far more initiative, courage, and, except upon one point, capacity than Arabi. We have learnt to look upon Arabi as the leader of this movement; as a matter of fact, the whole of the recent events were due to far abler and more unscrupulous men. Arabi was the mouthpiece, and because words go for more than acts in Egypt, and because others were glad to shelter themselves and their dubious characters behind him, he was made the figure-head; yet, as I shall show later, this man, of whom so much nonsense has been talked, was nothing but a very ordinary fellah, with, to use a vulgar expression, the "gift of the gab." Mahmoud Sami became Minister of War, and he is so closely connected with the whole movement, of which he was perhaps the main support, that I am compelled to incorporate him in my sketch of Arabi.

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Mahmoud Sami is half Turk and half Egyptian, and the combination has produced a very thoroughbred scamp, of considerable ability for low Eastern intrigue. He is one of those men, not uncommon in the Levant, of whom it may be safely predicated that, under any given circumstances, they will adopt a crooked path to obtain their ends, rather than a straight though easier one. Sir Henry Bulwer once gave a useful piece of advice to any one interested in studying Turkish diplomacy. He said, "When you wish to know what a Turkish official is likely to do, first consider what it would be to his interest to do, next what any other man would do in similar circumstances, and, thirdly, what every one expects him to do. When you have ascertained those, you are so far advanced on your road that you may be perfectly certain he will not adopt either of these three courses." The remark is tolerably descriptive of Mahmoud Sami, with the addition that you may also safely exclude any policy savouring of truth or honesty.

There are different stories to account for Mahmoud Sami's treacherous policy towards Tewfik, who had uniformly befriended him. Some will tell you that he had sworn revenge against the family of Mehemet Ali for an insult offered him by Ismail; and will cite the well-known story that he killed with his own hands both his wife's mother and her paramour, as a proof of his revengeful spirit. But I do not know that any such explanation is needed; there was trouble abroad, and it was natural to Mahmoud Sami to try and increase it, to get profit out of it, or, at all events, to ruin some one else. At the beginning of the troubles he was Minister for the Wakfs, or religious bodies, and being a Minister, he naturally intrigued against his colleagues. In this way, and probably by free use of the large funds possessed by religious corporations, he ingratiated himself with the officers; and when Osman Rifki was dismissed, his name was put forward as War Minister, and accepted by the ever-blind Riaz. Intrigue followed intrigue, until at last, as we

shall see later, he became Prime Minister, and the brain of the Revolutionary Party. Meanwhile I return to Arabi, flushed with his first triumph.

From February to August, 1881, Arabi personally remained tolerably quiet, but men like Ali Roubi, his old friend, who had first induced him to join the secret society; Nedim, a sort of crackbrained enthusiast; Ninet, a low Swiss adventurer; Hassan Moussa-el-Akhad, a thrice-declared fraudulent bankrupt; Toulba, a discharged clerk of the Daira; Enani Bey, a man whose character will not bear description, and others, commenced a propaganda in favour of what they called the National Party, carefully maintaining the comparatively innocent and respectable Arabi as a figure-head. During all this period no man of any character did aught but deprecate the movement; the entire party, or at least the civilian element, consisted of men with whom their own countrymen disdained to associate. The colonels, meanwhile, fostered discontent

among their soldiers ; and, in August of the same year, a private having been run over and killed by a carriage driven by a native coachman, they had a pretext for going in arms to the palace and demanding vengeance. Here, again, they scored a victory ; there was no power to arrest them as mutineers ; they were promised satisfaction, and the officers nominally opposed to, but really at heart with, the rioters, pretended that they had no influence.

At last Riaz seemed to wake out of his dream, and began to admit that this "nothing" was becoming serious. His first measure was characteristic ; it was to get the officers to sign a declaration that they were devoted to the Khedive and his Government. This, of course, was looked upon as a sort of amnesty ; and when he proposed to carry out his next measure, that of separating the disaffected regiments, it was deemed an act of treachery.

A characteristic incident occurred here. Arabi, always weak as water, and then possibly

well-meaning, had signed the declaration of loyalty, contrary to the secret wishes of Mahmoud Sami and the openly-expressed ones of his supporters, or rather instigators.

Mahmoud Sami feigned therefore a quarrel with the officers, who made a sham complaint against him to the Khedive. This induced the Khedive to take the opportunity of getting rid of Mahmoud Sami, whom he had begun to suspect, and making his brother-in-law, Daoud Pasha, Minister of War. It was Daoud who proceeded to give orders for the separation of the disaffected regiments. But this was carrying the farce farther than Mahmoud Sami had intended ; he secretly got the officers to call a meeting on the evening of the 8th September, and arranged to push matters to extremities. To do this it was necessary to stir up the puppet, Arabi. He appeared at the meeting, and was greeted with a torrent of reproaches. He was told that he was a traitor ; that by signing the declaration he had deserted his comrades,



and that he had abdicated his position as true leader of the National Party.

This device betrayed all the ingenuity of Mahmoud Sami. Arabi was conceited, and it tickled his vanity to be recognized as the leader; he was, moreover, quite willing up to this point to share the consequences of his acts with his friends, for, if physically, he is not morally a coward. "You say I have deserted you! I will write now a letter demanding the dismissal of the Ministry; if not at once accepted, I will go with whoever will follow me to demand it by force." This was all that was wanted; Arabi was held to his bargain, the letter was written, and signed, "Ahmed Arabi, on behalf of the Egyptian Army." The letter was treated with contempt. The next morning letters were sent to the English and French Consuls, saying that the army was going to demand its rights, and at four o'clock 4000 soldiers were drawn up in the square before the Abdin Palace. The story of what followed is too recent to need more than brief repetition.



Accompanied by Colvin, the Khedive, warned by a faithful servant from his own private estate, visited before their arrival the troops at the citadel, who vowed loyalty. Opportunity number one was lost when, instead of putting himself at the head of this battalion and advancing to meet Arabi half-way, time was wasted by driving to the distant barracks at Abbassiyeh, where the same thing happened. By the time they had returned to the Palace of Abdin, the square was already full.

It was a singular sight. Around three sides of the square stood Arabi's troops, themselves utterly indifferent to, and ignorant of, what was going on, chatting, laughing, rolling cigarettes, and eating pistachio-nuts. "These are not rebels," said (to me) an English officer who happened to be present, and who had been through the Indian mutiny. The fourth side, against the palace, was lined with the household troops, supposed to be loyal, but all alike were neither loyal nor disloyal; they were at that moment

simply there, in obedience to different orders, interested and amused spectators.

Inside this square were two groups: that to the south consisted of a group of officers on horseback, with Arabi at their head, his drawn sword in hand; that to the north of the Khedive, Sir Auckland Colvin, Mr. Cookson, the English Consul and Acting Consul-General, the Austrian Consul, Sir Frederic Goldsmid, of the Daira, and a few more who had joined the group.

As I watched and wondered what was to come next, what was to be the opening scene of this drama—for all that had preceded was simply the prologue—I could not help imagining how little would have hesitated two of Tewfik's predecessors. Not once, but twenty times, his great-grandfather, Mehemet Ali, had found himself in such a position; with him there would have been a quick summons, followed by, if not coincident with, the report of a pistol. Arabi would have rolled lifeless from his horse, a sharp ring of musketry would have ruthlessly scattered terror among

soldiers and civilians alike—the incident would have been over. With Ismail, father of the hesitating Tewfik, I can see the bland smile, the winning courtesy with which he would have received the rebel, the *bonhomie* with which he would have listened to his complaints, promised redress, and taken him by the arm into his palace—from which he would never have returned. But Tewfik was incapable both of ferocity and treachery, or shall I say of courage and diplomacy; it was not on such occasions as these that he showed courage and presence of mind. “What shall I do?” he said to Sir Auckland, who had immediately acquired that ascendancy which a strong man can gain so rapidly over a weak one. Arabi meanwhile was slowly advancing on horseback. “Tell him to dismount,” was the reply. “Iniz il!” (“Dismount!”) called the Khedive, accompanying it with a gesture still showing a certain power to command. Without a word, almost with undignified haste, Arabi fell to his feet, but his sword was still drawn; the Khedive

pointed to it significantly, and Arabi stopped and sheathed it, but it was observed his hands trembled as he did so. At that moment the battle might have been won with a word; Arabi, with plenty of moral courage, lacked the physical courage necessary to induce him to proceed to extremities. Face to face with the supreme monarch, uncertain of all but a few of his officers, and knowing how easily his impressionable soldiers could be influenced by a word from the "Effendina," he felt that he had failed. He had expected to be able to address the Khedive from a distance, he had expected to find him in his palace, his soldiers well out of hearing of any words which their Effendina might address to them; and as he stood, pale and trembling, he seemed almost to be awaiting his sentence in the next word. Alas that the man he faced was as little fit for prompt action as himself! Sir Auckland, indeed, saw the opportunity, and would have seized it, but his was not the voice that could speak the word; it could only come with authority

from one man. "Demand his sword," he whispered. Had it been done, there is not a doubt that it would have been obeyed. Could Tewfik have said it, handed the disarmed rebel to his Circassian guards, and, mounting his horse, have called to the regiments to follow him through the town, Egyptian history would have been very different; but he cast a look at the glittering bayonets of the 4000 men on every side of him, and said, "What can I do? we are between four fires." Arabi saw the moment's hesitation; he drew himself up, a new man. "Then your Highness must go into the palace," said Sir Auckland. The Khedive entered, and the game was lost.

Arabi found himself now in treaty, not with a Khedive, whose words might still be powerful with his soldiers, but with Colvin and Cookson, against whom, as infidels, he knew that he would find a certain support in his soldiers.

The demands he made were three:—

1. The dismissal of the Ministry.

2. The granting of a Constitution.
3. The increase of the army to 18,000 men.

The negotiations lasted for nearly two hours, Messrs. Colvin and Cookson continually passing between the Khedive and Arābi as mediators between equal powers. Considering the real inequality of their forces; considering that on one side were 4000 men in arms, on the other a hesitating Khedive, a demoralized Ministry, and a few trembling palace officials, it must be admitted that the terms gained, humiliating as they were, did credit to the negotiators.

The first point, indeed, was ceded; Riaz had to give in his resignation, and, apart from the fact that it was dictated by force, there was little to regret in the step, for, with many virtues, he had at a critical moment been tried and found wanting. The other two points were transferred to that limbo—reference to Constantinople, a condition which Arabi was unable to refuse without putting himself in the position of a rebel against the Sultan as well as the Khedive.



It remained to select Riaz's successor. Arabi had declared himself willing to accept any name that the Khedive might select, but yet refused to listen to those of Haidar or Ismail Eyoub. Then some one named Chérif, and Arabi consented, for he felt that there was no man of equal position likely to be so malleable in his hands, no man who had made himself more objectionable to Europe by his refusal to appear before the Commission of Inquiry—so Chérif was accepted and sent for to form a Ministry.

I find myself unconsciously falling into a narration of the history of the period, but it is difficult otherwise to appreciate the character and motives of Arabi.

Chérif made difficulties; he first very loyally and sensibly made his peace with the Powers, and required their support as a condition precedent to his taking office; it was not a moment at which they could afford to be particular, and it was promised. Arabi, pushed by Mahmoud Sami, who hoped to render Chérif impossible, and to be himself

named in his place, made fresh demands. At last, feeling perhaps that he required something more than mere military support to give his position a show of legality, he, at Sami's suggestion, sent for the members of the old "Medjliss," or Chamber of Notables; convened by Ismail when it had suited him to start the fiction of a National Party, and since abolished under Riaz.

The sudden arrival of this body in Cairo altered the aspect of affairs, and in a sense different from that which Arabi or Sami expected. Chérif, by his attitude to the Commission of Inquiry, had acquired a good deal of popularity among the class to which these people belonged, and it may be presumed that he did not omit to use rather freely a very practical sort of argument much in vogue in Egypt for the manufacture of political opinion. Nothing is more absurd than to suppose that these Notables represent in any way the oppressed children of the soil. It was not from such men that Ismail was likely to choose supporters of his policy.



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Had the ordinary fellah been capable of forming an opinion and allowed to express it, he could hardly have failed to see that Ismail was his worst enemy, and the European Ministry his best friend. Ismail, to overturn the European Ministry, found adherents among those men whose profits were curtailed by administrative reform, that is among the Scheikhs and Omdehs, who preyed on the fellah as severely as did the Greek usurer himself. Such were the men who came to Cairo, smelling from afar the opportunity of getting through Chérif, their former ally, increased power to squeeze the fellah. Such men would not be likely to prove unamenable to the golden arguments which were at Chérif's command, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that at their first meeting they adopted a tone hostile to Arabi, who had convened them, begging that he would attend to the army and mind his own business, leaving politics to them. This was decidedly checkmate to Arabi, or rather Mahmoud Sami, who secretly took the political lead of the

movement, and for the time they had to return into their shell, while the wily Mahmoud began forging the next link in the train of intrigue. This he did by at once declaring himself a strict partisan of Chérif and the Chamber. With a charming frankness which disarmed criticism, he admitted that he had felt considerable sympathy with Arabi during the last Ministry because his late respected chief, Riaz, had really behaved with great want of tact and judgment; while, therefore, he had remained perfectly loyal to his colleagues, he had tried to act the part of a peace-maker and had throughout recognized that Riaz was the sole obstacle to it, and Chérif the hope of the country. However, when he had seen that Arabi, an honest but ignorant fellah, had attempted to interfere in politics, he felt that he was going too far, and had himself called the Notables, or induced him to do so (this at least was true), well knowing that they would be, like himself, on the side of Chérif and order (this was only false).

All which specious argument poor Chérif swallowed with complete innocence. And when this man of strong common sense, who recognized so fully his own superiority to Riaz, assured him that he could manage Arabi (which was true), and that he would keep him loyal to Chérif (which was false), what more natural than that he should be asked again to become Minister of War? what more natural than that with great humility he should profess himself unworthy to be colleague to so great a statesman? Chérif accepted him as his cherished colleague, and sealed his own fate.

Once Minister of War, it became clearly Mahmoud Sami's cue to weaken his colleagues. Arabi he knew he could rely upon to really follow and ostensibly lead him, whenever he gave the word. But he had seen the weakness of a purely military movement; which, besides, threatened to keep him permanently in the dark, and to give to Arabi real as well as nominal power. Chérif's strength lay in the support of the Chamber

of Notables, and it was clear that these must be detached; nor was it very difficult. As Minister of War he had certain funds at his disposal; as ex-Minister of the Wakfs he had still considerable influence with the subordinate who managed the wealthy religious corporations of Islam; he was moreover himself a rich man. His first object was to gain over the Minister of the Wakfs; this was not difficult, and, once done, funds were no longer wanting. But, besides hard cash, he had other arguments which had great weight with the Notables.

We have seen that these men readily rallied to Chérif, partly on account of the opposition he had shown in former days to European influence, and to all the hated reforms which that influence brought with it. Within a few days it did not require Mahmoud Sami to point out to them that Chérif had now accepted office in very different circumstances; he had insisted, as a *sine quâ non*, upon the support of the Powers; he was working intimately with Sir Auckland

Colvin and Sir Edward Malet. He was clearly committed to the Control as deeply as Riaz; moreover, he was a far weaker man, and could make less resistance to foreign pressure. This old familiar friend, then, to whom they had sold themselves, was clearly only the Control in another guise. Such arguments produced their effect. Chérif had said that he could calculate upon all the 150 Notables except nine; a few days later he had to confess to his superior that the majority was against him, and favourable to Arabi.

The action of the Notables at this time caused much perplexity; one day they were all for Arabi, the next they had veered round again; they puzzled the Khedive, Chérif, and the Consuls-General as much as on-lookers. Mahmoud Sami shook his head and couldn't tell what to think of it, but recommended Chérif to trust in his power of managing them. As a matter of fact, he was responsible for their every movement—he had them under his thumb.

Why did he not at once declare himself, make his own terms, and pose as the saviour of the country? Because it would have been the straightest course to adopt; because he was Mahmoud Sami.

Without intrigue he could not live; had he been in supreme power, he would have been able to intrigue against no one but himself; meanwhile he gained time, and bathed in intrigue up to his eyebrows. He intrigued with and against the Sultan, with and against the Sultan's Ministers, with and against the Notables, with and against his colleagues. He tried to intrigue with, and did intrigue against, the Khedive; he was ready to hold out his dirty hands to the Powers themselves, and some few weak Frenchmen he did inveigle into his toils.

The atmosphere of Cairo at this time was one of seething intrigue; before we consider the events that came of it, I will return for a moment to Arabi.

It was at this time that I saw him more constantly, and formed an opinion of him



which I have never found occasion to alter, and which, because it is different from the two extremes held by different parties, may be of interest.

Arabi at this period was a fellah of about forty, six feet high, and of good massive figure, but with a stoop in the shoulders, a projecting head, and a slouching, shuffling gait, which gave him the carriage of a buffalo. His face was clean shaved, with the exception of a thick black moustache which hid his mouth, his chin was large, but too rounded to indicate decision, his nose was coarse, and his forehead large, but disappointing when you saw him without his tarboush. The striking feature of his face was his large, dreamy, grey eyes, that seldom looked you in the face, but seemed either to be fixed on the waist of the person to whom he was speaking, or looking far over his head into another world. Many people have said that this abstracted look of his was assumed. I do not think so; it would imply more ability and strength of purpose

than he possessed to have maintained it so continually. To me, I confess, this dreamy look about his eyes was at first sight prepossessing; it seemed that there must be something in the man, a past if not a future. The man's position at the time was interesting, his face was interesting; it was with reluctance and only after some time that I had to admit that there was nothing else interesting in the man himself. As I got to know him better, the look never altered, but it lost its effect upon me, for I found it was merely physical, not mental. The gaze that I imagined to be depth of thought proved to be utter vacuity. I got to see in it the puzzled look of a child striving but failing to understand all that was going on. I do not wish it to be supposed that I was ever intimate with him; I have known many men who were, and they have always been at an utter loss to understand the difficulty in reading his character. Before he became notorious he used to be described by an expressive Arabic word which is



inadequately translated by the English "muddleheaded"—not exactly a dreamer, nor yet half-witted, not stupid nor yet unfortunate, but the sort of man of whom it may be predicated that anything he takes in hand will go wrong. I probably saw about as much of him as Mr. Blunt or Sir W. Gregory, that is to say, I have heard him utter every one of the copy-book texts which they have quoted as wisdom. I have heard him drone on for twenty minutes at a time platitude after platitude each unconnected with the other, or with any subject under discussion; I have heard an admiring auditory give the emphatic "hars" by which Arabs signify their approval of any sound which lulls them into temporary forgetfulness, but I have never heard, and I have never met any one who has heard from Ahmed Arabi a single word of practical sense, a single novel thought or idea.

That he knows much of the Koran by heart may be admitted, that he is never at a loss for words is also true, but apart from

named in his place, made fresh demands. At last, feeling perhaps that he required something more than mere military support to give his position a show of legality, he, at Sami's suggestion, sent for the members of the old "Medjliss," or Chamber of Notables; convened by Ismail when it had suited him to start the fiction of a National Party, and since abolished under Riaz.

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Arabi or any other Minister of War could succeed in inducing them to do so. It may be admitted that the whole country sided with Arabi up to the day of Tel-el-Kebir, but the significance of the fact is apparent when we remember that the whole country was against him the day afterwards. Again, the general promise held out to the fellahs that all debts due to Europeans should be cancelled, would have enabled the devil himself to make converts.

In Egypt, the man who succeeds is always popular; the man who has power leads the nation. Arabi got power, not by his ability, but by the efforts of those who supported him, and by the blunders of his opponents.

There are many points in his character to which I have not yet referred; I shall, however, leave their consideration until we are farther advanced in the relation of facts.

In the midst of the atmosphere of intrigue, to which I have referred, appeared the first Turkish mission, consisting of Nizami Pasha, Ali Fuad Pasha, and Cadri Bey. The object



of the Sultan in thus interfering is not difficult to understand. For many years the Porte had been leaving its provinces to fight out their own quarrels ; so long as the tribute came in, Ministers at Constantinople took little interest in their internal affairs. But the loss of Tunis had been to them a lesson ; they were told that they had forfeited their rights by the indifference which they had shown. They must be careful, therefore, to steer clear of the same danger in Egypt. Still they saw little hope of their being allowed to exercise such an influence in the country as should increase their revenues ; and this being so, they were not anxious to take any further trouble in the quarrel between the Khedive and his soldiers than would be sufficient to assert their nominal supremacy. My object is not to write the political history of the period, or I might draw attention to the blunder which was committed by England and France in failing to take advantage of this harmless mission to restore order. As it was, it was thought

expedient to recommend the Egyptian Ministry, while treating the mission with politeness, to ignore altogether its right of interference in Egyptian domestic affairs ; and the result was that, finding a cold shoulder turned on them by the Khedive and his ministers, they were thrown into the arms of Arabi and Mahmoud Sami.

Prior to their arrival, the last had recommended his military ally to disappear from the scene, and he consequently joined his regiment at Wady, near Zagazig. Strangely enough, some business took one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp, who had accompanied the mission, in the same direction ; and, while Mahmoud Sami gained the ear of the Commission in Cairo, the aide-de-camp, who seems very soon to have seen through Arabi, succeeded in bringing him into very intimate relations with the Yildiz Kiosk.

From this point the question assumed another phase, for there can be no doubt that henceforward Arabi was acting with the connivance of the Sultan.



Meanwhile, of all this our officials in Cairo were absolutely ignorant. Unconscious of the powerful ally whom Arabi had acquired, they sought by every means in their power to gain him to the side of order. In this they were warmly supported by Mahmoud Sami, who watched with the delight of an artist the fabrication of a combination peculiarly adapted for his great abilities. Arabi was at once the ally of the Sultan, and of the controllers of two parties with distinctly opposite objects. Here was precisely the situation which gave Mahmoud opportunities for intrigue. Arabi was therefore made to speak and act with studied caution, as one who saw the error of his ways, and who, under the pious guidance of Sami himself, might soon be received into the Ministerial sheepfold as one of the elect.

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Meanwhile, of all this our officials in Cairo were absolutely ignorant. Unconscious of the powerful ally whom Arabi had acquired, they sought by every means in their power to gain him to the side of order. In this they were warmly supported by Mahmoud Sami, who watched with the delight of an artist the fabrication of a combination peculiarly adapted for his great abilities. Arabi was at once the ally of the Sultan, and of the controllers of two parties with distinctly opposite objects. Here was precisely the situation which gave Mahmoud opportunities for intrigue. Arabi was therefore made to speak and act with studied caution, as one who saw the error of his ways, and who, under the pious guidance of Sami himself, might soon be received into the Ministerial sheepfold as one of the elect.

It was hinted to Sir Auckland Colvin and Sir Edward Malet that Arabi undoubtedly possessed great influence with the army; and that the way to render that influence useful, instead of hurtful, was to name him Under-

his enemies. Hatred of the Circassians was the predominant passion in the little mind that he had, and he had been few days in power before all of them whom he could seize under any pretext were imprisoned. There he visited them by night, and there by torture, cruelly refined, he sought to obtain evidence which would enable him to take Osman Rifki's life. So many unknown tragedies have passed in Egypt that I should be sorry to say this was the worst; but it is difficult to believe that any more hideous brutality has ever been practised in the nineteenth century than that which this cold-blooded, heartless, half-witted enthusiast directed every evening in the cells of Abdin. If it is impossible to read without a shudder the prolonged agonies of these poor wretches, none of whom stood firm against the iniquitous barbarities to which they were subjected, let us at least be just, and give in Arabi's favour the evidence of an undeniable witness. "I cannot say," said Osman Rifki, "that Arabi seemed to exult or to enjoy these

horrors. I should rather say that he went through them without pleasure or remorse, as if it were a duty." This opens a new and painful side of Arabi's character, and one which is confirmed by every testimony I have heard. He was not cruel in the active sense, but he was utterly brutal and callous to all suffering. We shall see later that when it came to saving himself from death, he was careless who suffered for him. After Tel-el-Kebir he never uttered one word of regret, never made a single inquiry as to the fate of those poor wretches who were the victims rather of his dunderheaded stupidity than of his intentional wickedness. It was the will of God they should die; if it were God's will that he should die too, he must submit; but meanwhile he would strain every nerve, sacrifice every friend, partisan, or principle of honour to save his own contemptible and worthless life.

The Khedive stepped between Arabi and his victims. It was not much that he could hope to do, but he declared at least that the

iniquitous sentence obtained by torture should be banishment and not death.

This conduct brought on the crisis. The Ministers, foiled of their prey, resigned. The resignations were accepted; the army demanded a reinstatement by threats of death to those who refused; they compelled the Notables and Ulemas to petition to the same effect. The Khedive gave a helpless look around for assistance, and, seeing none, said, "My first duty is the safety of my people," and reluctantly assented.

Then the reinstated Ministers were introduced, and kissed his hands. Arabi grovelled before him, and kissed his boots.

At last the Powers, still unable to decide on action, allowed Turkey to send another mission, but it was a mission unaccompanied by troops, and, as was predicted by all on the spot, was bound to fail, and its failure was bound to render the situation still worse.

Dervish Pasha was the Imperial Commissioner, he who had pacified Albania. He arrived, and was heralded by the acclama-



tions of a paid mob, who, in consideration of three tariff piastres, or sevenpence-halfpenny apiece, shouted before his carriage the praise of Arabi and insults to Christians. Dervish was known before his arrival to be accessory to Egyptian arguments, and there can be no doubt that they were boldly asked for and liberally given.

Upon his arrival he showed marked favour to the Arabi party. Then he had a long interview with the Khedive, and then his conduct became suddenly very satisfactory to the palace. Mahmoud Sami had arranged that petitions from all the provinces should be brought to the ambassador by deputation. Dervish received them graciously, placed the petitions in a pile upon the divan, begged the deputation to consider all grievances settled by his arrival, and dismissed them.

The Ministers came next. Mahmoud Sami entered with effusion, and introduced his colleagues severally. Dervish remained seated, continued his conversation with his secretary, and then made a casual remark to



Sami on the beautiful situation of the palace of Ghezireh. The Ministers looked dumb-founded, but Dervish, continuing his conversation with Lebib Effendi, begged the latter to repeat to him the story of the massacre of the Mamelouks by Mehemet Ali at the citadel, which he could see from the window at which he sat. When the suggestive story was completed, the Envoy, with one of his pleasantest smiles, remarked to Arabi, "The one man who escaped was a lucky dog!" and, with a remark on the weather, dismissed them.

As the Ministers left, like dogs with tails between their legs, they must have felt their cause desperate: there being two alternatives, either complete submission to the Khedive, or absolute defiance of the Sultan.

Was there no third alternative? could no way be found by which Arabi might prove himself necessary, by which Dervish might be compelled to ask his assistance?

It was difficult to find, but Mahmoud Sami was a clever man.

I desire to make no charge, but two days

later a circumstance occurred which had precisely this effect—the massacre of the 11th June, 1882.

On that afternoon Dervish was awaiting the visit of Mahmoud Sami and Arabi; he had played his trump card, and felt sure of the trick. They were coming doubtless to give in their submission; his mission was on the point of becoming a success equally creditable to his prestige, and fruitful to his pockets.

They came, but it was no submission. Arabi was the spokesman, while Mahmoud Sami stood by with the confident smile of a man who had yet a trump in reserve. Arabi professed their devotion to the Sultan, but the safety of the country necessitated his refusing submission, except by the express commands of his Majesty.

Dervish was furious, dismissed them with the remark, "You shall see," and hurried off to the Khedive. Before he reached the palace, the news of the massacre was known. "What was to be done?" "Order must be restored at any cost." "Who could do it?" And

the only answer was "Arabi." In a moment an aide-de-camp was sent to Arabi, to summon him to the palace. "Let Dervish come himself," was the reply. A few minutes later the great Envoy himself went to fetch the man whom a few moments before he had ignominiously dismissed. Then, but not till then, Arabi, expressing his consternation at the event, telegraphed to his soldiers to restore order, and then for the first time they acted.

We may hurry over the month that elapsed between this day and the bombardment of the 11th July. I saw Arabi frequently at the time, as well as many of his associates. The dreamy nonentity had become a bustling bully, full of his own importance, and displaying more than usual ignorance. His guns could readily sink the fleets: one hundred thousand soldiers, if they landed, would be hacked to pieces. Meanwhile, why should Europeans leave, and commerce cease? Let all but the hated English continue their duties behind his invincible troops. The night before the eventful morning he put himself well

out of harm's way at Fort Napoleon. The next morning he did try to drive down to the forts, but when he got to the square his courage failed him, and he let Toulba go alone, returning to safety. A stray shell passed near the fort, and he retreated to the Rosetta Gate. When he found that, as Toulba said, "the ships even when hit did not go down," he fell into a state of abject despondency; his soldiers pillaged and burnt the town; he neither had heart to consent nor refuse consent. Fearing that troops might land, he hurried out of the town, alike heedless of the desolation he left behind, of the barbarities committed on the road. Not till he was twenty miles beyond the reach of our shells did he pause, then only to eat and sleep in comparative comfort, while the starving soldiers and refugees, laden with booty, huddled where they could.

From this time it cannot be said that he ever recovered such reason as he had previously. He sent, indeed, lying proclamations into the interior, he pretended to have Divine dreams, and he exercised some influence over

the more fanatical of his followers. But the real work was done by his subalterns, Mahmoud Fehmi, the engineer, Ali Roubi, his old comrade, and Gaffer, the leader of the cavalry. There are few more pitiable pictures than this wretched, almost exploded windbag flying to Kafr Dawar when the attack was expected from Ismailia, and to Tel-el-Kebir when it was expected at Kafr Dawar. But ill-luck pursued him, his spies informed him badly, and alas! he was at Tel-el-Kebir, where he heard the cheers of the Highlanders as they charged the extreme left of the earth-works. To mount a horse and escape was all he could do. Chivied alternately by Indian and English cavalry, he reached Cairo, panting, to say that all was over. He was asked for advice; he had none to give, "he only hung his head and wept." Then he heard the enemy were at the gates; he had no energy for further flight; perhaps he was glad to have the misery of suspense over, and he surrendered as a prisoner. While being conducted to prison, he leant forward in the

carriage to see the crowd that had so often cheered him; but the bubble had burst now, and he fell back into gloomy apathy.

One willingly hurries over the concluding act. He was not abject in his fear for his life, simply struggling for it as a man is justified in struggling, if he has involved no other lives but his own. Every life has its value to its possessor, and even the worthless existence of Arabi himself was worth fighting for from his point of view; but he was willing to pay too dearly for it—to sacrifice friends, companions, honour, all for it, until his very adversaries became conscious of the shame they would acquire by allowing such terms.

It is fair to say that I believe he did ask for one life to be spared besides his own, that of Toulba, the dismissed clerk of the Daira, who, coward as he was, had yet remained pallid and trembling in the forts.

As for the rest of his comrades, they owe their lives to the natural sense of honour of Lord Dufferin, Sir E. Malet, and the Khedive. Once it was decided to spare Arabi and

Mahmoud Sami, how could we execute their dupes? So their heads were saved with Arabi's, and all were sent to Ceylon.

I have already discussed his character, and the facts have spoken for themselves. History numbers many wicked men as heroes because there was some greatness in them; and many men shine by their worth, in spite of their want of capacity. But, so far as I know, no man so utterly devoid of either good or great qualities has ever achieved so great a notoriety as the dreamy, half-witted Ahmed Arabi.



RIAZ PASHA.



## RIAZ PASHA.

"Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle, shallow things :  
I am not of your element."

*Twelfth Night.*

IF Nubar is somewhat of a theorist and inclined to be unpractical, Riaz is precisely the reverse. He has no theories, he has convictions, and they must be accepted and acted up to as implicitly as the White Flag of Bourbon, or he will have none of the honour and power you seek to force upon him.

However much one may differ from his views, it is impossible not to respect the persistency with which he holds them.

Of Circassian family, but said to be of Hebrew extraction, he has certainly much in

his appearance which reminds one of the Levantine Jew.

Compared physically with his two rivals, the result is certainly not in his favour.

You may hesitate between the winning grace of Nubar, the man of the world, and the blunt, cordial bearing of Chérif the soldier; but at first sight you can hardly fail to be disappointed with the man who is certainly superior intellectually to one and morally to the other, while some say intellectually and morally superior to both.

Let us pay him a visit, and note as we go that the carriage has left the broad avenues of the Ismailia quarter, and drives us through a low, bustling, half-native, half-European slum. Suddenly we turn to our right, and find ourselves in a street so narrow that it requires careful steering to avoid touching the walls on either side. The *seis* runs before your carriage with his shouts of, "Out of the way, my brother," "Take care of your legs, my sister," "Look out for your back, O follower of God." Riders have to descend

from their donkeys and draw themselves into a doorway, to avoid being crushed ; shrieking women rush to pick up squalid children from under the horses' legs ; a large hole or a huge boulder in the middle of the road will well-nigh jerk you out of your seat, and that peculiar smell which pervades all native dwellings will show you that you are going into the heart of the native quarter.

Can it be by such a route that we can reach the palace of the man who only a few years ago was almost omnipotent in Egypt, and whose ruling passion is supposed to be conceit ; or are we not rather seeking the remote haunt of some dancing dervish ? But Riaz is one of the old school, and consistent in this as in all else ; what was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him. We cross an open space which looks as if it might have been a fashionable resort in the days of Moses, for it is surrounded with large tumble-down buildings of certain pretensions ; we dive down a still smaller but rather cleaner alley, and suddenly we draw

up at a large gate in a street not six feet broad. Leaving the carriage, we cross a little gravelled courtyard, and find ourselves to our surprise before a good, solid, European-looking house. We are ushered into a little anteroom, where divans and chairs form the sole furniture, and texts from the Koran the sole ornaments. An obsequious servant brings us coffee and cigarettes, while he goes to announce our arrival.

In a few moments we are taken upstairs, and have time to note the air of quiet simplicity, which contrasts strikingly with the gorgeous splendour of Nubar's and Chérif's habitations. A round-faced, jolly, good-humoured-looking little youth of about twenty meets us at the top of the stairs, shows us into another room, not differing much from that below, and assuring us that his father, for this is Mahmoud Riaz, will be with us shortly, entertains us until the ex-Minister makes his appearance, when he leaves the room with a respectful obeisance of the old school.

There enters, with a quick, shuffling, uneasy gait, a thin, fragile little man of perhaps five feet four inches, with stooping shoulders, unhealthy-looking face, a rather forced smile on every feature, hands actively washing themselves in invisible soap; and a high-pitched, harsh voice, broken with disconcerting sniffs and snorts, bids you welcome with rather too much protestation.

For fully five minutes you must be prepared to answer reiterated questions as to your health, and receive profuse thanks for the honour you are conferring by your visit; and all the while your little host, while smiling on you benignly, but with a curiously shrewd inquiring expression in his small black eyes, is curling his legs and stroking his knees in a manner suggestive alternately of Uriah Heep and of Mr. Quilp.

Such questions answered, and remarks on the weather having been made with that orthodox formality which is at least as binding in Cairo as in London, our host has by this time formed his opinion as to our intel-



ligence and the object of our visit. Assuming it to be favourable, and that he is not indisposed to speak plainly, we shall very soon find ourselves in a discussion upon the history of Egypt during the last ten years. I am wrong in using the word discussion, for we shall have little to say, and if we do venture a remark we shall find that we might as well have spared ourselves the effort, for it will make as much impression upon the atmosphere as upon Riaz. Two peculiarities very soon strike us, the first is that with the little man before us history began about twenty years ago. Nubar will carry us through the whole history of Egypt from Menes to Tewfik, and show how utterly different everything would have been if he had been there; Chérif, by an occasional hazy allusion to the Pyramids and to the 1300 years' stagnation, which represents his idea of political bliss, will show that he has reason to believe in the existence of a period at which he did not exist; but Riaz knows nothing of all this; he is an active and a busy man, so concentrates his mind on

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what he knows ; all else he would call theory, and he hates theorizing. I imagine that his conception of the creation is a divine mandate, "Let there be Riaz, and there was Riaz." As he is a man of fifty or thereabouts, it might be supposed that history with him would embrace at least that period, but it is not so. No one has ever heard him talk of his early career. I have heard stories about it, but I have never been able to verify them. The most that can be said with certainty is that he occupied a very menial position until the accession of Ismail ; that the past is consequently not pleasing to him, and must be ignored. Riaz's world began when Riaz began to exercise power. The second peculiarity is perhaps a consequence of the first ; it is that the history of those twenty years is the history of himself, and of interest only so far as it attaches to himself personally. Egypt was the scene of his action and consequently the bud of the universe ; there are other countries which have had more or less intimate relations with Egypt,

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and to that extent they may be considered to exist.

To attempt to argue with such a man is like trying to prick a tortoise with a needle through his shell. Listen with patience, and you will hear a very great deal of practical advice in which there is no flaw, assuming that the standpoint from which he argues is correct. He premises that from all time (i.e. twenty years) the Egyptian has been arbitrarily governed, that he has never attempted self-government without proving it a failure, that the natives are like children and must be treated as such, that they must be protected from ill-treatment by others, that they must not be allowed to injure themselves. Ismail, he considers, was a tyrannical despot, and he will tell you truly that no man more boldly withstood him than he did himself; he will tell you that he deposed him, that all the good done since was the natural result of his being himself at the head of affairs, that all evil was equally the result of his dismissal, and that the sole

hope of the country lies in his return to power.

If to all this you attempt to oppose argument, if you try to convince him that the people must be allowed little by little to govern themselves, to feel their feet, if you venture to suggest that the military troubles occurred during his Ministry, that he was unable to cope with them, and that they drove him from office, he will pause politely in his oratory while you are speaking ; he will gleam on you curiously with his quick eyes ; he will possibly emphasize your punctuation with a snort, or a guttural " Heh ! Heh ! " at each pause ; and when you have ceased speaking he will continue his discourse, without taking any more notice of your remarks than if they had been simple expressions of concurrence with his views.

You will feel that you are fighting, not with a will-o'-the-wisp like Nubar, who is on every side of you at once, parrying your every stroke and returning it with interest ; not with an amiable dummy like Chérif, who, putting on



an expression as wise as an owl, admits all and understands nothing of what you say; but you are contending with a shadowy being, who pours down upon you good solid strokes, against which your parry is not of the smallest effect, and through whose airy form your blows pass without creating the smallest impression.

The ridiculous pretensions to which Riaz lays claim, his inordinate vanity, combined, nevertheless, with a somewhat repulsive fawning obsequiousness of manner, will probably so much repel you that you will go away with a totally wrong impression of the man. For, in spite of all appearances, he is really possessed of good solid qualities, and if he is not quite all he thinks himself, he is infinitely more able than he appears at first sight.

Riaz Pasha was one of Ismail's happiest selections; the ex-Khedive recognized in him two very excellent qualities, a capacity for hard work, and a strong will. It was only after he had already raised him from obscurity



to a position of comparative importance, that he discovered in him two other qualities, with which he was by no means so well pleased—a strict idea of honesty, and a remarkable amount of independence. These two qualities in no way agreed with Ismail's system of government; honesty, indeed, was an excellent quality if restricted solely to home consumption; that Riaz should keep his hands clean and remain poor, was, Ismail considered, merely a venial offence, showing, perhaps, some want of intelligence, but otherwise hardly more than a peccadillo, a gentlemanly vice which might even do his master credit with Europe. It was when Riaz carried it further, and actually ventured to reprimand dishonesty among his colleagues, that the matter was considered serious, and that Ismail felt constrained to employ the language first of kind entreaty and then of real anger, to point out the fatal folly of conduct so subversive of all the principles of Egyptian government. Then it was that the little man stood up and gave his Sovereign himself the

same lecture he had delivered to his colleagues. Ismail could hardly believe his ears. That Nubar should sometimes adopt such a tone was bad enough, but then with Nubar there was always a ready answer which gave Ismail perhaps the best of the argument ; but that this little mushroom of yesterday should preach such doctrines before he had made his fortune, and that he (Ismail), should be unable to close his mouth by reference to a single dirty transaction in which he had gone shares --this was something new to his experience. It was a good trait in the character of Ismail that Riaz did not at once lose favour. For ever afterwards the Khedive would speak of him rather in sorrow than in anger ; perhaps he had some fragment of respect left for an honest man, more probably he felt that the time might come when the possession of one honest man might be useful to him.

The time came. When, after much remonstrance and hesitation, Ismail had at last to agree to the Commission of Inquiry, he was allowed to name a vice-president ; there were

plenty of men he could name without capacity and acceptable to the Commissioners; there were a few men of such capacity as Ismail admired, but who were unacceptable to the Commissioners. Riaz alone was both acceptable to them from his known honesty, and sufficiently intelligent and patriotic to watch well Egyptian interests. He was named second vice-president; no member did more good service or showed more independence. His conduct on that occasion finally alienated from him any goodwill which Ismail had retained, and though during the brief Nubar-Wilson-Blignières Ministry he so far concealed his dislike as to allow him to form part of the Cabinet as Minister of the Interior, yet when that Ministry was overturned, his vengeance was so marked, that Riaz had to leave the country.

When, however, upon the deposition of Ismail, the Control was re-established under Major Baring and Mons. de Blignières, both of whom had formed part of the Commission of Inquiry, their ex-colleague was at once

sent for to undertake the formation of a Ministry. That Ministry lasted for two years, a term almost unprecedented in recent Egyptian annals, and, with all its faults, was the best administration which Egypt has enjoyed before or since. There can be no doubt that the greater part of the credit is due to the Control rather than to Riaz; but the two Controllers so successfully kept themselves in the background, and played so cleverly upon the little man's vanity in allowing him to believe himself the originator of every measure, that it is not surprising he should now attribute to himself the entire glory of a period during which his main merit was that of loyal co-operation in, and intelligent execution of, the ideas of others.

The fact that this Ministry was at last overthrown by a movement which, insignificant in its origin, was allowed to assume serious proportions, must certainly detract from its reputation, and this was mainly owing to the peculiarities of Riaz's character. I have already tried to show his extraordi-

nary absorption in himself. When warning after warning was given him that the military question if undealt with would grow beyond his control, the suggestions were received not with contempt, but with complete indifference. When he was told that an insubordinate army might turn its sword against the civil powers, that insubordination unpunished grew to mutiny, mutiny to rebellion, and rebellion to revolution, he snorted and said, "Ce n'est rien." Let it not be thought that the cause of this apathy was laziness, or a disinclination to face difficulties. Feeble in constitution and suffering from disease as he was, the little man was daily ready to brave any amount of work or any peril which he recognized—it was nothing but dogged unbelief. Such warnings, such deductions from past history, were what he called "theories," and that was enough to damn them. Had he been told that four thousand men in arms would demand his resignation and a Constitution, he would have considered his informant on

the way to a lunatic asylum. "But this is Egypt," he would have answered, "such things do not happen; you say they have happened elsewhere, perhaps, but this is Egypt. Avoid theories, preserve your calm trust in me—Ce n'est rien." This reply is not imaginative, it is what he said to me in reply to a less explicit warning which I ventured to give him. And now that it has all come to pass, what does he think? I am inclined to believe that he looks upon all that happened on the day he was obliged to resign as a nightmare. I doubt whether he has learnt a single lesson; he will never refer to that day except in the most general terms, and he will tell you that he left the country for his health, and the result has been great disaster to Egypt.

His health, it is true, was completely broken. He remained abroad at Geneva until after Tel-el-Kebir, when he returned, expecting to find everything as he had left it, and the nation awaiting him with transports of gratitude.



He was asked to accept the Ministry of the Interior under Chérif. It was a bitter pill for a man who considered himself the one hope of the country to have to serve under another for whom he could have nothing but contempt; and it says much for his real patriotism that he was able for once to subordinate to it his conceit.

From the first it was evident that the sole hope of the combination lasting was in the energy of Riaz gradually dominating over the apathy of Chérif, and but for English interference there is little doubt that, while the latter might have remained nominally Prime Minister, the real government of the country would have been in the hands of the former.

The first duty of the Ministry was the trial of the principal leader of the rebellion, and it was one peculiarly grateful to Riaz, for clemency to his opponents is not among his virtues. To him Arabi and his party were simply impious blasphemers—they had dared to question his infallibility. No pope,



no king by divine right could feel the outrage more deeply ; but they were more, they were the curses of the country, for had they not driven away him, the indispensable ? Massacre and incendiarism might be forgiven, but not this. There can be no doubt that he pursued them with a deadly zeal, but it is hardly fair to call it hate. He would have crushed them as he would have crushed a scorpion, by any means ; it was a holy duty that he owed to his country.

When the English Government insisted that the prisoners should have a fair trial, and be defended by counsel, he felt shocked ; it was almost like asking him to be accessory to blasphemy. He gravely assured Lord Dufferin that he knew of their guilt, asked him what object was there to be served by further inquiry ; and, when he found the Ambassador still unconvinced, went away murmuring sadly on the extraordinary growth of theoretical ideas. It is said that an ingenious correspondent who knew his weak point, persuaded him to consent to Mr.

Broadley being allowed to appear as counsel, by representing to him the enormous prestige which he (Riaz) would acquire by the victory which he was certain to obtain over so stout a defender. The consideration that the report of the trial would be read with interest in Europe, and must, as he felt absolutely convinced, end in the conviction of the prisoners and the glorification of himself, induced him then to withhold his resignation.

But when he found that the trial was going to be a simple farce, to end in the practical acquittal of all, then his indignation knew no bounds. In one stormy interview with Lord Dufferin his little form shook with rage ; he left the house, wiped the dust from off his shoes, and resigned.

For a time he remained moodily at home ; the fabric of his universe had been shaken ; it is even whispered that at one dark moment he began to lose faith in himself—not indeed to doubt his infallibility, but to question whether the little world of Egypt had not

strayed to paths of error, which rendered it unworthy of his help.

But the great mind in the little frame recovered, and he now sits, like the late exile at Frohsdorf, waiting for a repentant nation to come in sackcloth and ashes to entreat from him their salvation.

Nor is the dream quite impossible of realization in a less dramatic form. So long, indeed, as England proposes to govern Egypt according to her own ideas, as enunciated in the Dufferin report, so long as she perseveres in her attempt to implant representative institutions and constitutional government, the door is closed to Riaz, who, of the trio of pashas, is the one least likely to bend to our ideas. The Dufferin system necessitates the practical government of the country by England for at least five years, and that is only possible, either directly by English officials, or indirectly through the medium of a dummy Minister such as Chérif.

There would, however, appear to be in

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England a growing indisposition to afford this active assistance, and the moment it is withdrawn, the Dufferin system and the present Ministry will collapse.

The choice will then lie between Nubar and Riaz; the former, though preferable, is not *persona grata* to the Khedive, and the latter would become Hobson's choice.









## NUBAR PASHA.

"True : those that were your father's enemies  
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal."

*Henry V.*

THE stranger in Cairo, arriving at the railway station, and driving to that much-abused, and yet by all who know it much-loved hostelry, Shepherd's Hotel, notes, as the first building indicating that he is entering upon an important town, a solid square house, standing a little from the road on the right hand. In that house resides what little of real statesmanship there exists in Egypt.

Opinions may differ on many points as to the many-sided character of Nubar Pasha. There are some who will proclaim him to be

the origin of all that has been well done in Egypt for the last twenty years, and the sole hope of the future ; there are others who see in his restless ambition the main cause of all her troubles ; but neither party will deny that in intellect at least he stands a head and shoulders above all his rivals.

It is about forty years ago since, as a young *protégé* of Boghos Bey, then the powerful minister of Mehemet Ali, there arrived in Cairo a young Armenian, named Nubar, who, having been educated at Paris, was immediately attached to the household of the great Viceroy. It may be interesting to know that one of his first duties was to read aloud to his master Thiers's "History of the French Revolution, Consulate, and Empire." A desire to emulate the great Napoleon was one of the passions of Mehemet Ali ; and the young Armenian may have unintentionally contributed not a little to the fostering of this desire, to which much of the progress and many of the disasters of Egypt are to be traced.

True, however, to my purpose of dealing only with that part of the career of the originals to my sketches which has fallen within my personal recollection, I skip all Nubar's early years of service, to find him in 1865 the active chief of the Railway Administration, and the life and soul of Ismail's administration during the cholera of that year.

I have already referred to Ismail's precipitate flight at this period, while his countrymen were dying like sheep. He had already been seized by a panic which had mastered his ordinary intelligence, and Nubar was among those who, without actually urging him to leave, recognized that he impeded rather than assisted the measures for the suppression of the cholera. Very shortly after he had left, Nubar was himself seized with all the symptoms of the disease, and before his recovery had satisfied himself that the only valid protection against the epidemic was sound nourishment. The railway *employés* included a large number of

men, whose irregular hours and scant time for meals rendered them peculiarly liable to the disease. Nubar, with ready foresight, undertook that they should be well and carefully looked after, purchased sheep and provisions of all kinds, and himself superintended their daily meals and personal comforts, with the result that he lost hardly a single man.

Rapidly Nubar attained the position to which his talents were sure eventually to bring him—he became the principal adviser of Ismail, and must share with him a fair proportion of praise and blame.

It is only natural that his enemies should lay stress on the evil caused, and overlook the other side of the question ; equally natural that the wily Armenian should try and place all the responsibility of the financial disorders upon other shoulders, and assume the credit for all the undoubted progress made during Ismail's reign.

Looking, however, impartially at this portion of his career, it is impossible to deny that, while more really in earnest and far

more far-seeing in his projects than Ismail, he was equally indifferent as to the means by which money was obtained to work them, and, until the crisis came, very nearly equally blind to the inevitable results.

But it is certain that to him is due the execution of nearly every good project that emanated either from the fertile brain of Ismail or from his own. The success of the negotiations by which Egypt was freed from the enormous privileges granted to Mons. de Lesseps by Said Pasha was due to Nubar; that the result was obtained at extravagant cost was a matter about which he seems to have cared little. He was the guiding spirit of all those tortuous negotiations by which, at the most imminent risk of war, and again at an enormous expense, Ismail succeeded in obtaining the title of Khedive, the change in the order of succession, and practical independence of the Porte, except as regarded the largely increased tribute.

It was he who originated and carried to a

successful issue the scheme of the international tribunals, whereby the ridiculous system of seventeen consuls—each one claiming an absolute *imperium in imperio*—was to a very great extent done away with.

And finally, it was he who, looking ahead, seeing that Europe was determined to interest herself in the condition of Egypt, and that no reform was possible so long as Ismail was on the throne, used all his talents and influence against the master who had dismissed him with ignominy, and did more than any man else to produce the revolution which substituted Tewfik for Ismail.

All these matters are, however, so well known—are they not written in the Blue Books?—that I need not further refer to them; nor would their history be possible in the scope of these slight sketches.

I will ask the reader to accompany me to the house I have already mentioned, and to pay a visit to its master.

As we enter, without challenge, through the gateway, we see that the gatekeeper announces

our approach by a pull at a bell; as we pass up a well-gravelled walk, and catch a glimpse of what seems to be an English garden, with all the hot-house plants out-of-doors, we notice the slight movement of a blind at one of the windows, as the master peeps to see whether his visitor is a pleasant gossip or an official bore; and assuming that we are recognized as the former, we will imagine ourselves taking the liberty of old friends, walking straight through the magnificent hall, rich with Turkey carpets, and, uninterrupted by the small page in scarlet, entering unannounced into the large *salon* on the left.

Curled up in the window we see a fine, well-built man of about sixty, dressed entirely as a European, except for the fez. Probably the first impression which my stranger companion will experience arises from the extraordinary sweetness and cordiality of expression with which our entrance is greeted. Nubar thoroughly enjoys visits, and, rather than have none to talk to, he



would send for a donkey-boy ; so there is nothing hypocritical in the fatherly manner with which he welcomes an old friend, or in the interest which he is sure to show in ascertaining all about the friend you introduce to him. "There is no living man, woman, or child whom I would not rather know than not," he once said to me ; and though upon one occasion I took a cruel advantage of the remark, and introduced to him an Englishman who, having been twelve hours in the country, had elaborated a complete solution of the entire Egyptian Question in all its bearings, I could not get him to modify his dictum more than by the words, "Well, even S. K—— when my parrot is ill."

A very few words will bring Nubar to the subject nearest his heart—the past and present of Egypt—and five minutes will convince you that you are in the presence of no ordinary man. For a succinct history of the country, its laws, system of land tenure, abuses and remedies, I would back Nubar in one hour to give twice as much solid informa-

tion as any other man in three. It is true that you will carry away some ideas contrary to all your previous notions, if you ever had any; and you may be somewhat bewildered as to whether any fact in the country, including the pyramids, originated with any other mind than that of your narrator. But, making allowances for this, you will receive, as I have said, more solid fact than you could have obtained elsewhere in thrice the time; and you will be something more than mortal if you do not go away at least a temporary Nubarist.

During the conversation—the only pause in which will be the rapid lighting of one cigarette from another—it is possible that other visitors may be announced; they may be Europeans, who, knowing the man, will be content with a cordial grip of the hand, and are content to sit still and listen; or they may be visitors who, with frantic efforts to kiss his hands or his knees, will run an imminent risk of being pushed over for their pains. No Oriental I have ever met is so

thoroughly impatient of all those outward marks of servile deference which are so freely paid to all men in office. I was once present when, in the plenitude of his power, having humbled Ismail, so that he was able, with more truth than good taste, to speak of him as "the name with which I sign my decrees," he was called upon by the native magistrature. One after another they rushed at his hand, and sought to cover it with kisses; the vigour with which he snatched away his hand, and the look of ineffable contempt with which he said "Bus, Bus!" ("Enough!") ought to have taught that eminently corrupt body a lesson.

In fact, his disregard of susceptibilities is his chief fault as a Minister. Time was, they say, when he, too, was as cringing as all Orientals; but if so, he used servility as a ladder, to be soon got rid of. Whether Khedive or consul, the man who has to deal with him must expect, not perhaps the blunt truth, but the blunt assertion of what he intends should be believed. To say that he is

truthful in our English sense would be absurd, but I believe he is more than most Orientals addicted to truth—perhaps because he finds it is the surest way to deceive. But, be it truth or not, what he has to say is said with unpleasant directness and utter disregard to the *convenances* which the other party may consider necessary. It is this quality which has rendered him distasteful to the Khedive, and the terror of all Consuls-General, French in particular. The latter can never forgive him, because, after Sedan, he spoke with brutal frankness of the altered position in which France stood to the rest of Europe.

With Germany and England he has strong sympathies. His favourite policy until recently was to render Egypt an African Belgium; whether recent events have not altered this may be doubted. In my own opinion he looks to the government of Egypt by England through an Armenian Resident.

Out of office, Nubar affects the position of a perfectly disinterested onlooker, engrossed with the study of agriculture, and personally

attending to the cultivation of his large estates ; but secretly gnawing away his very heart with regret that he is not in power, and willing to catch at any fair plank which will drift him there.

That his great abilities must render his services eminently useful to his country cannot be doubted, but in the present circumstances it is difficult to see how they can be completely utilized. If England is disposed to give Egypt real self-government, the first necessity is that the Khedive should have the choice of his Ministers, and he does not love Nubar. If England is prepared herself to shape the destinies of Egypt in accordance with Lord Dufferin's report, it is necessary that the Ministers should be chosen among men who are willing to follow, and Nubar's independence of character will one day render him unfitted.

The practical nature of Nubar's talent was last year shown in a very striking manner. A commission, composed of members of all nationalities, was sitting to elaborate the

codes for the new native courts. Lord Dufferin, dissatisfied with the slow progress they were making, suggested that Nubar should be asked to attend the meetings. The president was 'the young dummy Minister of Justice, better versed in fashion than law; and Nubar might well, with his years, reputation, and experience, have declined to sit as an ordinary member. But the question of justice in Egypt is one which is peculiarly dear to him, and, without hesitating a moment, he took his seat within a few hours of its being suggested to him.

With unusual urbanity he asked to see what had been done. With a rapid glance he saw that the Commission was wasting its time over details which, however useful eventually, were useless until the main principle of rendering officials amenable to the courts was admitted. Pushing it all aside as waste paper, he dictated three resolutions to effect the required object. He found himself with the English members in a minority. In a few words he showed the



absolute necessity of the propositions, and the futility of any attempt at reform until they were admitted. Before the meeting closed they had been passed with only one dissentient voice, and it is not too much to say that those few hours of work, with Nubar present, outweighed in value all that had been done in the previous twenty sittings.

In details Nubar is weak. He seizes at once, with wonderful acumen, the main point of any question. He is subtle and quick to overcome or evade difficulties, and pushes his point with unequalled energy; but for details he has no patience. This, which would be hardly a defect in most countries, is almost fatal in Egypt, for there are no subordinates capable of working out the details of a general scheme.

In this respect Nubar was the antipodes of Ismail, whose general schemes were generally wild and airy, while he wasted infinite time in attending to the very minutest details.

I remember that when Nubar was first



named "responsible Premier" under Ismail, one who knew them both very well said, "It would be an excellent arrangement if you could just change their positions. Make Nubar Khédive, and Ismail his Premier. As it is, it is bound to fail." It *did* fail, and there was much truth in the remark.

Nubar is very rich, and perhaps there is not much to be gained by inquiring how he made his money.

Ismail once said to me, in the midst of much abuse of his ex-Minister, "I still hold his I.O.U. for 30% that I once lent him." Whether this was true or not, there can be no doubt that he profited with others from the generosity of his master. In those days there were great opportunities, and there were no Controllers or financial councillors to ask disagreeable questions. Nubar was never a very extravagant man, and admitting that by one means or another he put by a little to begin with, it would increase very rapidly if employed in the floating debt at rates varying from 20 to 40 per cent. He

has a wife who was also wealthy. His family consists of a son, Boghos Bey, who is an engineer of capacity, and for a short time was native administrator of the Egyptian railways; one married and one unmarried daughter.

A Christian, and living in a thoroughly European style, he has many social advantages over his colleagues; and during the last winter no house in Cairo was more popular, and no dances more crowded and enjoyable, than Madame Nubar Pasha's on Friday evenings.

CHÉRIF PASHA.



## CHÉRIF PASHA.

"Let's not confound the time with conference harsh."

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

PASSING from Nubar to Chérif is like leaving a game of chess to play Beggar-my-neighbour. With the former you are always interested. If you leave the talking solely to him, you will become a fascinated observer of wonderfully subtle reasoning; if you venture to take your share in an argument, you must be well able to fence. But with Chérif there is certainly no need of any mental strain. If at first you listen attentively, it gradually dawns upon you that the sentiments uttered are a curious translation into bourgeois French of maxims familiar to you in the copybooks of your childhood.

If it occurs to you to reply, you may be certain that the mildest joke will be charitably received, and that the wildest speculations in political science will not receive any more searching criticism than is implied in the words "très probablement."

"Les idées de Chérif sont les idées de tout le monde," said one of his rivals. He is in favour of any and every possible reform, with the proviso that it must not be carried out in the current generation. He is opposed to every abuse, but is convinced it must be tolerated for the moment. What is the duration of that moment no one has ever yet been able to discover, but as in sanitary matters he has been known to resent improvements on the ground that they were unknown in the time of Mahomed, perhaps 1300 years may be accepted as the legitimate minimum duration for any known abuse.

I know little of Chérif's early history, nor ever met any one who knew much more. The good man is of that class of whom one is content to accept Topsy's theory of

creation, "'Spect he growed." He was born in Constantinople, about sixty years ago, and is of Circassian origin. He was among those sent to Europe to be educated by Mehemet Ali, and passed through the course at St. Cyr, after which he came out to Cairo, and married the daughter of Colonel Sevès, a French non-commissioned officer, who, having abjured Christianity, became Soliman Pasha, and one of the favourite military advisers of Mehemet Ali.

With a good figure, frank, open face, pleasing manners, a knowledge of French, and the interest of his father-in-law, Chérif soon made rapid progress, and when Said came to the throne he was made to join the army, and rapidly rose to the rank of Pasha.

At Ismail's accession, in 1863, he was already Nubar's chief rival, and soon passed him in the favour of his wily master, who knew men sufficiently well to recognize that the bluff, honest, soldier-like manner of his Minister would serve to cover many of his own most daring projects, and that men



would as soon suspect a buffalo of cunning as his genial go-between.

In truth, at this time Chérif served his master exceedingly well; of extraordinary apathy, of equal good temper, and utterly careless of everything so long as he was left in peace, willing to accept any proposition rather than spare a precious half-hour from his billiard-table, and yet withal, from his very careless *bonhomie*, a general favourite, he was precisely the style of Minister that Ismail wanted.

The very wildest extravagances, the most audacious intrigues, were quietly matured, and when the moment came, propounded to the Consul-General as "*les idées de mon Ministre Chérif.*" Some of them were too huge to be swallowed even with that gilding. The astounded Consul-General would seek explanation from the Minister, who would, without the smallest affectation or hypocrisy, express an utter ignorance, which was looked upon as the height of tact. Over a game of billiards the matter would be joked over;

Ismail would afterwards pump his confidant, and if the difficulties really seemed insuperable, at once drop it as an impracticable project of "*ce pauvre Chérif.*" But not unfrequently the honest indifference of the Minister blinded the diplomatist; a matter evidently considered of so small importance by the Prime Minister could clearly not be so dangerous. Could any one look at Chérif and think him to be working with any ulterior design? Impossible! And the project, perhaps, with some modification, quietly slipped through.

And Ismail's good star threw in Chérif's way the one thing that was needful to render the latter still more useful to him. The English representative, Sir Robert Colquhoun, retired, and his place was taken in 1865 by Colonel Stanton.

Colonel Stanton was a distinguished officer of Engineers. His greatest friend could not say of him that he was born to shine in diplomacy. He speedily found in Chérif, and Chérif in him, many grounds for mutual

esteem; they were both fond of shooting, billiards, and good cigars; they were both equally averse to work; in addition, they were both perfectly honest, straightforward men. On the nature and extent of Chérif's honesty I shall have more to say later; in the meanwhile, it is sufficient to say here that he was as personally free from any suspicion of taking a bribe as was his friend.

Now let us look at the trio, and see how admirably fitted they were to work out an inevitably fatal result.

There was Ismail, shrewd, energetic, unscrupulous, with one object in view, his own personal self-aggrandisement, but feared by the Porte, doubted by the other European Powers.

There was Chérif, bluff, honest, unsuspecting, and idle, completely under his master's thumb, and utterly without any knowledge of what was going forward or ideas of his own; at the same time esteemed by the representatives of the Powers as

clear-headed and able, an idea carefully fostered by Ismail for his own purposes.

Lastly, there was Colonel Stanton, with all the weight of England at his back, with implicit confidence in Chérif, and as anxious as the latter himself to avoid disagreeable and troublesome inquiry into details.

In other words, behind Chérif's dull, honest stupidity, and Stanton's careless fascination, Ismail was able to do as he listed, with the consent, nay, almost the support, of Europe, led by England.

To this, more than anything else, is owing the present situation ; the careless apathy of England at that period paved the way for that policy of active interference which, to her regret, she was ultimately bound to adopt.

However, at this time, except perhaps Nubar, there was no one to look so far ahead, and Ismail slid gradually to his ruin. Occasionally Nubar would get an oar in, and begin backing water as hard as he could ; but invariably Ismail got frightened at the

energetic Armenian, who had a disagreeable habit of asking questions, and got back as quickly as he could to his faithful Chérif, who, not content with his own failures, generally muddled the plans of his rival.

For instance, Nubar had worked hard to do away with that hopelessly cumbrous system of consular jurisdiction, whereby every one of seventeen Powers exercised over its own subjects the sole right of legislation. The inconvenience was so great that Ismail himself laboured to get something done, and, sharp enough to know that poor Chérif could do nothing, he sacrificed him for a time, to employ the only head besides his own that existed in the country. Nubar saw his opportunity; the injustice of consular jurisdiction was great, but it was only part of the colossal evil of the country, the absence of all justice. He knew that the Powers would never forego their privileges unless the native courts were reformed; for that reformation, he saw that European judges were wanting. With immense labour he overcame all diffi-

culties, and new courts were about to be formed, when Ismail, taking fright at a clause which the wily Armenian had quietly introduced, and which made the Government itself subject to the tribunals, backed out, dismissed Nubar, and recalled Chérif.

The Powers at once saw the difference ; instead of having to do with a man who fought inch by inch for Egypt's rights as a quasi-independent State, they found they had to do with a man who would gladly relinquish the whole juridical project, or would allow it to pass in any form which might give him least trouble.

It was Germany who prevented the entire withdrawal of the scheme, which therefore had to go on ; it was France who saw her opportunity of changing the whole nature of it so as to suit her own interests. France insisted, so French interests only were considered. Other European Powers claimed, of course, similar concessions, and the same were nominally granted ; but, because France stuck out to the last, and gave Chérif most



trouble, France got pretty well all she wanted. The courts and the codes became practically French; while as for the poor natives, without any one to press their claims, they were left quite beyond the pale of reform—their courts were untouched.

Hence arose the International Courts, every good point of which is due to Nubar, every bad point to Chérif.

But the claim which had frightened Ismail, and out of which he had not been able to wriggle, so far as foreigners were concerned, soon brought doom to his door.

The financial crisis brought him in 1875 before the tribunals, and he soon found that, thanks to Chérif, he was face to face with a European tribunal.

It is not my purpose to write the history of financial inquiry; suffice it to say that, as soon as Chérif saw the bugbear he had raised, he adopted the course that might have been expected of him.

Here were a number of people coming to make disagreeable inquiries and to ask in-



discreet questions. Others might answer them ; he for his part could not, and for two reasons—first, because he wouldn't if he could, and second, because he couldn't if he would. Was he, at his time of life, to be asked to give reasons for all he had done ? It was ridiculous ; all the world knew that he had no reasons. One concession he would make, and it was characteristic of the man. If the Commission of Inquiry would write down their questions and give him time, he would inquire how to answer them ; but as to appearing and being cross-examined by them, that he would not do. Bluff Chérif snapped his fingers in their faces, and increased his reputation for honesty and stupidity.

Then came the mixed Ministry of Nubar, Wilson, and Blignières, in which he was offered the Ministry of War ; but the essential part of the programme was that Ministers were to work and be responsible. Each of these conditions was contrary to Chérif's principles, so he refused.

In a very short time Ismail tired of con-

stitutionalism, and pined for his obsequious Minister. To effect the change it was necessary to form a national anti-European party. Such an idea coming from Ismail would have been ridiculed, but who would be more likely to give it a tone of respectability than bluff, honest Chérif, who had defied the Commission of Inquiry?

Then was played one of the most ridiculous farces seen even in Egypt: Chérif and a few Notables prayed the Khedive to dismiss his Ministers—the nation, they said, demanded it. Ismail, with a wink, acceded to the desire. “*Mon cher Chérif*” was asked to form a Ministry. The little burlesque was not a success; in a few months Ismail had to abdicate.

Tewfik began his reign, and not yet having felt his way, maintained the Ministry in power. For those few months there was anarchy, during which treason began to shoot. Formerly there had been at least a Government, though a bad one, that of Ismail

behind his dummy, Chérif. Now the dummy reigned, almost alone and free, under French guidance.

Europe, at last awoke, sent for Riaz, and re-established the Control. "This," thought Chérif, "means work;" and he consequently retired.

During the Ministry of Riaz and the Control he remained quiet; it is fair to say that he did not intrigue, for his vices are simply want of virtues, and he is negatively straightforward.

At the military demonstration before Abdin, other names were suggested as possible Prime Ministers acceptable to Arabi; he would have none of them, but accepted Chérif; he knew his man; he wanted a dummy, and he got one.

Chérif behaved well; he did not stay at home, he has never done so. Yet at its best, office means the sacrifice of some hours of repose; why should he be eager for it? He insisted on the consent of the Khedive, or

that of the consuls; who gave him plenary absolution of the past, on condition that he would work with them in the future.

His conduct at this time, though not brilliant, was perhaps the least ridiculous portion of his career. Fairly abandoning any attempt at the expression of ideas of his own, he cordially and loyally placed himself at the disposal of the two parties; the Khedive and Europe on one hand, Arabi and the Notables on the other. Had the latter ever wished to find a *modus vivendi*, it would have been arrived at under the nominal direction of Chérif; as it was, Arabi was reckless. A very little decision would, indeed, have carried with the Khedive the vacillatory votes of the Notables; but Chérif had no decision, he had been all his life a dummy, and he too naturally fell into the position. Such decision as there was fell on the side of Arabi, for the divided counsels of Europe rendered her force weak. This being so, Chérif had only two alternatives—to follow Arabi, or to resign. It is to the credit of his honesty that he did the latter.

Having done which, he again retreated before the storm, remained in his garden on the Mahmoudieh Canal fumbling his beads, and, saying that all was lost, disappeared to Port Said or elsewhere, and only when all was over reappeared on the scene.

Tel-el-Kebir had been fought; the Khedive was reinstated; it was necessary to make some sort of a fresh start; Chérif returned, and with him Riaz, from Europe. In discussing this latter statesman, I have had occasion to refer more particularly to this period. Suffice it to say that both were in the Ministry when Lord Dufferin arrived; that Lord Dufferin, for reasons of his own which I shall also discuss later, saw the value of a dummy Ministry, and that in consequence Chérif became Prime Minister.

Contrary to my wish, I have nearly exhausted my space in treating of the historical portion of Chérif's career, but indeed it was inevitable. No *raconteur*, however well disposed, could find anything of interest in the personality of Chérif. Dickens himself would have given up

in despair any attempt to make him interesting. On the other hand, he is intimately associated with Egyptian history. He is Modern Egypt incarnated, the essence of careless, *laissez-faire*, *far niente* Egypt. Personally honest himself, it would be a curious study to ascertain how many of his acts have been free from corrupt influence. Superficial himself, he judges from the exterior only; the man who can speak French fluently, who can take a cue at billiards, who has a pleasant exterior, and who limits his conversation to sporting matters is declared by Chérif to be *bon ton*. And as he has no other gauge for a man's capabilities, his acquaintance becomes a friend, his friend becomes a confidant, and the confidant rules the Minister.

Of most Egyptian Ministers it is said that they have their price, of Chérif it is said that he has no price, and it has a double sense; for if no price will buy *him*, next to no price will buy his influence. The men who loll round his billiard-table will sell their influence with discretion, but hardly less openly than



the faithful servant who at the door solicits a dollar for an imaginary lottery. Let me not be supposed to be speaking sarcastically; of all this Chérif is as personally innocent as his own cue, but there is an atmosphere, not of corruption exactly, but of secret, backstairs influence, which pervades the otherwise pleasant palace in the Ismailieh quarter.

Comparatively a poor man, Chérif cannot undertake those large hospitalities which render his rival's house so popular; and, moreover, though living with only one wife, and she half a Frenchwoman, the harem system is in full vigour. A cup of coffee and a cigarette, or if you are very favoured, a good cigar, is the most that will be offered the occasional guest, but with it there is an air of jovial frankness which makes you feel you are not unwelcome.

If you *must* talk politics, well, the blue spectacles are put on, apparently to hide the closed eyes, while the veteran assures you that the only safety for Egypt lies in granting her the maximum of progress with



the minimum of change. With a profusion of "Mon Dieus" and a chuckling laugh, he will tell you that Egypt has endured since the time of the Pyramids, and, he thinks, will last as many years longer, that changes happen in all countries, that they don't do much good, that Egypt must change naturally, but not too quickly. Shifting in his chair as he reiterates this final argument *pas trop vite*, he will invite you to billiards; if you accept, you are an *homme assez intelligent*, and if you are any hand at a cue you may even rise to be considered *bien intelligent*, while if you beat him you will be advertised as possessed of *beaucoup de talent*. If you refuse, he will politely resign himself to the inevitable with a sigh, and listen with appreciative *naturellement* and *sans doute* to all you may say; but you will be stigmatized hereafter as a man of *peu d'intelligence*, or if you carry it too far, *mauvais ton*.

Such is Egypt's late Premier, and such is a fair sample of one of the classes of men with whom we have to deal, good, honest, and weak

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—without ideas, not without principles, but with principles in the keeping of a dubious *entourage*. And it is perhaps the class of men through whom we shall most successfully manage Egypt. Of the other class, Riaz Pasha is a type, and of him I have already spoken.



THE CHÉRIF MINISTRY.



## THE CHÉRIF MINISTRY.

“All you sage counsellors, hence!”

*Henry IV., Part 2.*

THERE is little to be said of the other members of the late Cabinet of interest, still less of amusement, but it would be a pity not to complete the picture of what has been called the dummy Ministry.

Before referring to Chérif's Ministers, it is necessary that I should take some notice of one of their ex-colleagues. When Riaz gave in his resignation, there was some difficulty in finding his successor, but the man upon whom the choice eventually fell was Ismail Pasha Eyoub, who had succeeded Gordon Pasha as Governor of the Soudan. Two very opposite opinions are held as to the honesty and capacity displayed by Ismail Eyoub in the government of these far-dis-

tant provinces, the favourable view being endorsed by Sir Samuel Baker, the unfavourable one by Gordon Pasha; but during his short tenure of office as Minister of the Interior, he succeeded in making a very favourable impression upon all the English officials with whom he came into contact. Perhaps his knowledge of English had something to do with it, for I cannot say that he gave to my mind any striking proof of capacity. But if sometimes foolishly, yet honestly, he did seem to follow what according to his lights he believed to be English ideas; he listened to advice, he discarded the universal system of postponing everything to "a more favourable moment," and he put his own shoulder to the wheel. Whether at the same time he did, as is alleged, cling to that eminently Egyptian practice of accepting backsheesh, I will not say; but this, at least, may be asserted with confidence, that no offence so purely venial in Egyptian eyes would ever have caused him to be ousted by his colleagues. The



fact was, he manifested a dangerous intention to take the Dufferin reforms as serious, to support rather than to thwart them; and conduct so singular not only embarrassed his colleagues, but gave him a popularity of which they were jealous. That under such circumstances they should wish to rid themselves of him, and should charge him with bribery, was only natural. Whether the charge had or had not any foundation, I have been unable to discover, but the mere fact that it was made proves nothing either one way or the other.

Ismail Eyoub dismissed, it was felt necessary to secure a successor who should be free from any suspicion of energy. Khaïri Pasha perfectly fulfilled the condition, and became Minister of the Interior.

He had been for a long time Keeper of the Seals, a position of great dignity, the duties of which no one has yet been able to define. On the formation of the Ministry, he was made Minister of Education, and transferred later, as I have shown, to the Interior. An

extremely easy-going Circassian, between fifty and sixty years of age, he is fairly honest, and believed to be a particular favourite with the Khedive.

Though neither friends nor enemies would accuse him of possessing any talent, yet his guileless simplicity did not prevent a merry twinkle in his eye when he was addressed in the novel capacity of a constitutional Minister, or interrogated as to the progress of reforms. I have always wished to catch Khaïri at a moment when he was pretending to work and to attend to his official duties. I supposed that there must be such moments ; when he was with the Khedive, for instance, or being questioned by a Consul-General. To me he has certainly never tried to appear in that character, and I am inclined to think that he would act it badly. He received Mr. Clifford Lloyd as an *adlatus*, and I trust I may yet be spared to see them together.

Khaïri is seen at his best lying half length on a divan, talking in broken, imperfect French of that journey to England, the exe-

cution of which is one of his favourite dreams. "In England," he will tell you, "everybody works; everybody, everybody, *mon Dieu!*" and he closes his eyes to try and realize the picture. Otherwise his ideas of our country are somewhat vague and hardly profound; it is a large place, and its people, though "*très gentils*" when they get abroad, are addicted at home to unlimited consumption of beef and brandy; to the former they owe their strength, to the latter their eccentricities, among which a desire to protect fellaheen and animals is perhaps the most peculiar, but a mania for work the most embarrassing. With that wish to spare our feelings suitable to his gentle nature, he will gravely add that he thinks Englishmen become vastly improved and civilized by residence in Egypt.

The recent epidemic has been to him a great source of trouble, or, as he explains it, of inconvenience and annoyance. Egypt was naturally not prepared for it, and people seemed to expect that *he* ought to do

something. He would solemnly add that had he known any such demand would be made upon him, he would never have accepted office.

Cholera, constitutions, and people who write to newspapers are, he considers, all institutions equally contrary to nature, equally requiring repressive measures. Still, as it has been his hard fate to fall upon days when all these evils are rampant in Egypt, he naturally tries, as much as possible, to keep clear of them. His own theory is that they ought all to be *cordoned* together, and then he has no doubt they would die out.

As regards the Egyptian Question generally, he will tell you there is no such thing. Egypt has existed for a very long time, and he has no doubt that it will continue to do so for much longer. Only he begs that it may be left alone; as for progress, have we not the telephone in Egypt? What further proof of progress do you require? "Reform, reform as much as you like, and what good

do you do? Not that," and he snaps his fingers, presses your hand, and leaves you with a pleasant smile.

In appearance he is a pleasing-looking Turk, cordial and gentlemanly, with perhaps even less individuality than most of his late colleagues.

Haidar Pasha was Minister of Finance. He is of the family of Yaghen, one of the best in Egypt, and his brother, Mansour Pasha, is married to a sister of the Khedive. Very wealthy, he is considered perfectly honest; as for his capacity, he signed whatever his sub-Minister, Blum Pasha, placed before him for signature, and has never been known to commit himself to any opinion upon any political subject whatever. When I add that he is short and broad, with the conventional Oriental face that one finds cut upon brass trays, and with a very marked squint, I am afraid my record is complete.

During the massacre of the 11th June, he happened to be in the streets of Alexandria, and remonstrated with some soldiers mal-

treating a European. His remonstrances having only met with insult, he was said to have held very strong views as to the necessity of punishing Arabi, and some pretended that he would resign with Riaz. But Haidar has not strong views on any subject, and on such a matter he would simply have consulted the wish of the Khedive, for whom he has, I believe, a genuine respect. Being an honourable man, and pledged to support the existing order of things, he would not, I believe, for a moment intrigue against it; but, a Conservative of the old school, he sometimes shuddered at the revolutionary documents he was called upon to sign, though at most delaying them for a day with a feeble protest. Haidar may rank with Chérif and Khaïri among the well-meaning dummies.

Ali Pasha Moubarek was Minister of Public Works. At his name there rises the figure of a tall, thin, almost black old man with grizzled hair, whose striking peculiarities are his extreme ugliness and his patent leather boots.



A native-born Egyptian, his capacity as Minister of Public Works has been not inaptly defined as "The best you can find in Egypt, and the worst you could meet with outside of it."

He originally came into office as a *protégé* of Riaz, and some thought that he would follow him when he resigned ; but Ali Moubarek thought otherwise, and being a man not disdainful of the emoluments of office, stuck to his post. Scandal says that the emoluments are considerable, and more than figure in the budget ; but, though this is possible, for corruption is rife in his department, I have no reason to think that he is himself personally corrupt. Be it so or not, he must be classed in quite a different category from Chérif, Khaïri, or Haidar ; more capable perhaps, or shall I say less incapable, he has ideas of his own, and they are those of the very oldest school—a hearty and thorough dislike for all Europe and European institutions. Riaz himself does not yield to him in his contempt for reform according to



the English standard. If he has any sympathy with Europeans it is with the French, but the cardinal point of his creed is this: that Egypt is Egypt; that rules which hold good elsewhere are useless here. Tell him that Colonel Scott Moncrieff knows more about irrigation than he does, he will be willing to admit it if you like, "But," he will ask, "what has that to do with the question?—this is Egypt." To him as to all old Egyptians, the Nile is a thing apart, its waters are not governed by rules that apply to other streams. What to him are hydrodynamics? A science that concerns other rivers, not the Nile. Because he had been told to do so, he would give a ready acquiescence to the theories of his Indian subordinate, but he knew that those theories were all rubbish, and he lost no opportunity of proving them so. The smallest error on the part of his talented subordinate would be a triumph to him, and, with the whole service under his control, it would have been strange if he could not cause some blunder

which would thwart Colonel Scott Moncrieff.

During the recent rebellion, Ali Pasha Moubarek remained quietly in Cairo, sympathizing at heart with Arabi so long as he was successful, but keeping a watchful eye for a means of escape when it might become necessary. The wonderful news that reached Cairo, alleging the complete defeat of the British fleet, the capture of Admiral Beauchamp Seymour, and so forth, he was far too shrewd to believe, and rightly judging that such very extensive lying only covered defeat to Arabi's cause, his sole anxiety was to reach that door of escape which he had left open, and to throw in his lot with the Khedive. Urging the necessity of obtaining more accurate information, he succeeded in being named one of a commission charged to make their way to Alexandria, nominally to get information, but really to make terms with Tewfik. At Kafr Dawar the commission was detained by Arabi, who did all in his power to induce them to stay; but the

more Arabi lied, the more the old man felt that his cause was desperate, and that safety lay within the walls of Alexandria. Resisting all persuasion, all appeals to his nationality, he started off to trudge on foot the remaining few miles, and arriving at last at the Ras-el-Tin Palace, he protested his utter loyalty, and was received into favour.

Ali Pasha Moubarek must be classed amongst that section of the late Ministers with more talent and less honesty than their chief.

Fakri Pasha, ex-Minister of Justice, must go into the same category; he too is a *protégé* of Riaz, and it was thought he too might leave the Ministry with its Premier, but of the whole party, no man but Riaz himself proved to have the courage of his opinions.

Fakri Pasha was educated in France, has, perhaps, more the appearance of a Frenchman than of a Turk, and was formerly a member of the Parquet at the International

Court of Appeal. When Riaz formed his Ministry he knew that there was only one man in all Egypt fit to be Minister of Justice—Nubar; but Riaz, though he owed much to Nubar, dreaded him. He possibly felt instinctively that he was a bigger man than himself (though that is a large admission to suppose Riaz capable of making). At all events, he was unwilling to allow even a first-class planet to shine in that system of which he considered himself the sole dispenser of light. Moreover, the Khedive himself cared little for Nubar; and Major Baring at least was not impressed by him, so the choice lay between Fakri Bey and Kadri Pasha. A feeling that it was well to introduce some young blood into the Cabinet, and to show that there was a rising young Egyptian party, turned the scales in his favour, and Fakri Bey became Fakri Pasha.

It was perhaps the worst choice that could have been made. Very shortly afterwards, the young Minister was driving in the public promenade at Shubra, when one of his

countrymen, who thought that he had received at his hands the greatest injury that a man could suffer, pulled him out of his carriage and publicly horsewhipped him. Fakri, with his Parisian education, should have understood what this meant, but beyond using his influence to get his assailant dismissed from his post, took no further notice of the incident. There are some people who have never been cordial with the Pasha since, and many more who have felt that the incident was one which should have caused Chérif to hesitate before again offering him the portfolio of Minister of Justice. But alas! there is not a high-toned morality in Cairo, and for such justice as there is in Egypt, he was perhaps a fitting representative. He is a taciturn man, with a not unhandsome but forbidding face and carriage. As you see him patrolling round the walls of a room with a contemptuous upturned lip, which alone, so far as I have been able to discover, has given him a reputation for intelligence, your thoughts instinctively turn to

the man who held the whip, although you cannot exactly say why. That any man once seeing him could trust in his political honesty seems impossible. So far as he has sympathies with any one but himself, they are French—of the English and their notions he hardly attempts to conceal his contempt, and if you speak to him of justice to the fellaheen, you feel as if you were pleading emancipation to a Southern planter.

It is with a feeling of relief one turns to his former competitor, Kadri Pasha, ex-Minister of Education ; perhaps on the whole the member of the late Cabinet who most combined intelligence with honesty. When I speak thus, however, it must not be supposed that I take a very high standard of either. The stout, round, little man in question is almost ludicrous in appearance, and perhaps his chief title to fame is a very bad French and Arabic vocabulary. But he was at least a man of fewer prejudices than most of his colleagues ; for having been for some years a member of the International Court of Appeal,



and being both simple and goodnatured, he had learnt to respect his European colleagues, possibly even to recognize what a power for good European influence might become in the land. Honest and unpretending, he did not intrigue, and accepting the Dufferin reforms as likely to be right, because the work of an honest man, his vote was given, loyally, if with no great depth of conviction, in their favour; for the rest, he takes a fatherly if not intelligent interest in the education of children, visits the schools, and impresses upon them the necessity of "studying the verbs," which he apparently considers the main difficulty in life.

If, in writing these sketches of the different members of this Cabinet, I had placed them in an order according to their intelligence, I should probably have begun with Omar Pasha Loutfi, Minister of War. Where I should have placed him if I had arranged them according to their character, I cannot say. Omar Loutfi was a selection of Ismail, and, except for special purposes, he seldom



chose a fool. The late Minister of War he employed as a tried and trusted servant. He made him Inspector of Upper Egypt, and it was as a witness before the Commission of Inquiry that he first came prominently before the European public. While Chérif refused to appear, and the rest who dared not refuse either perjured away their souls or skilfully evaded questions, this man alone (with Schaim Pasha, since dead) boldly faced the Commission, owned unblushingly to every atrocity, and boldly defended his every act. The impression that he left it is difficult to express more vividly or explicitly than in the words of one of the members, "What a fine ruffian." I think I shall show that the verdict was somewhat too severe, though to a great extent justified. All he had done was, he said, by "superior order;" that "superior order" was the Khedive's, and who dare question that? "But," was it suggested, "if a superior order commanded you to squander public funds for the Khedive's personal use, would you defend

it?" "Certainly, if I have my master's order." "Were the fellaheen ever unjustly overtaxed?" "How could they be," was the answer; "all they had belonged to the Khedive." "But if it was against the law?" "The law! what other law is there but the Khedive's superior orders?" Omar Loutfi was, in fact, the unquestioning zealous tool of his master; there was no point at which he would hesitate in obedience to orders. And with all this absence of principle, with all the enormous power it gave him over others, with all the licence for which his devotion to his master would have formed a ready excuse, I believe few men made less personal profit. I would not for a moment say that he was spotlessly honest according to English ideas, but I do say he has a right to exclaim with Clive, "I am astonished at my own moderation." Such a tool in better hands than Ismail's would have been invaluable; as it was, he was too much tainted to be employed in the early days of Tewfik's reign. The time came, however, when a

strong man was wanted to keep order in Alexandria, and he was made governor of that always turbulent town. He accepted the position with reluctance, and soon finding that he had no power to hold his own, no single soldier or policeman whom he could trust to act without Arabi's orders, he three times gave in his resignation in disgust. The Khedive, however, refused to receive it, and all the embarrassed governor could do was to beg his Sovereign not to transmit him orders which he was powerless to obey. Then came the fatal massacre of 11th June; He showed personal courage, pushed into the mob, and summoned the soldiers; but they refused to follow him without orders from Cairo, and he was powerless. If by sheer force of will he succeeded in inducing some of the police to act against the rioters, no sooner had he left them to similarly exhort others, than the first relieved of his presence turned their arms on the Europeans, and it was not till Arabi sent orders from Cairo that the troops entered and re-

stored peace. The utterly ridiculous charge that he caused the riot may be disposed of by one fact—he had not sufficient power to cause any order whatever to be obeyed.

Immediately after the fall of Arabi, he was made Minister of War, and the first decree which he had to enforce was the disbandment of the entire army. On the arrival of Sir Evelyn Wood he found himself in the presence of a man with a stronger will than his own. Omar is well intentioned, and too capable to sulk. He tried a round or two, then recognized his master, and afterwards acted on the whole loyally with him.

I do not mean to infer, of course, that he is yet an ardent believer in Wood's main theory of rule, that of equal justice. It is too great a reversal of every idea in which he has been born and lived to be at once accepted; but the nature of the man is such that he is half amused, half interested in watching the result of so novel and singular an experiment. Moreover, like all strong

hard-working men, he liked to see some one who really worked, and who really meant to succeed, and this he recognized not only in Wood, but in every one of his officers. While he watched these young men slaving from daybreak to sunset, frankly owning every difficulty and doggedly overcoming them, he could hardly avoid comparing them with the native tools he had had to employ, and there came over him a real, unfeigned admiration, and possibly a sort of half conviction that after all they might be right. Perhaps the greatest success we have yet achieved in Egypt is owing to the conscientious work of a handful of young officers, on the impressionable mind of the most thorough-going Egyptians of the old school.

In appearance Omar Loutfi is striking; he is a big, heavy-looking man, with small, black, intelligent eyes, closely placed together on either side of a prominent nose, which seems to start too high up the face. He speaks only Arabic and Turkish, and but for his ignorance of European languages,

would have taken a far higher position among his countrymen.

There only remains Zeky Pasha, ex-Minister of the Wakfs, or religious bodies; a stumpy little man, with an almost hairless, round face, and distinguished among Egyptians for two very rare qualities; the one is celibacy, for he is the only Turk I ever heard of over twenty (and he must be nearer fifty) who is a bachelor; the other is a great capacity for sticking to his work. Whether it was very intelligent work I rather doubt, for in Ismail's days he did some foolish things as head of the railways; but whatever the result, he was working for it all day long—the first to arrive at his divan in the morning, the last to leave it at night. He was for some time Master of Ceremonies at the palace, and it was curious to watch the plodding, fussy way in which he set to work at these very nominal duties. A correspondent has told me that he once moved heaven and earth to get permission from Zeky to attend a certain Court ceremony. Zeky was



indefatigable in listening and in taking careful notes of all arguments, but perfectly obdurate to all persuasion, and at last my friend had to go away satisfied with the solemn promise that he should receive a full account of the proceedings. By a chance I was able, by a word to the Khedive, to obtain my friend's admission. He attended the ceremony, and no doubt burdened the telegraph wires with an exhaustive account of it. Two days later he was sent for by Zeky, and received from him a voluminous report, all written out in the neatest of hands, with a hint that it was an exact copy of what would appear in the official journal in two hours' time. My friend was, of course, profuse in his thanks, but the conscientious little Master of Ceremonies would not accept them; he had promised, and had fulfilled his promise, and it all came in the day's work.

A very few days after the bombardment of the 11th July, a rumour got abroad that Zeky, who was then the native Railway



Administrator, was going to despatch a large amount of rolling stock to Arabi. This would have been a serious loss to the Khedive's party, and the admiral took immediate steps to prevent it. Where was Zeky? There could be no doubt; it was 8 a.m., and by that hour he was sure to be at the railway station. A little midy in command of some blue-jackets was ordered to quietly seize the station, allowing no one to leave it. Inside they found poor Zeky indulging with the station-master in a frugal meal of bread and water-melon. Steam they say was already up, and the trains ready to start. The little man, after being allowed to finish his repast, was courteously conducted to the palace, where he was received by the Khedive. Whether he satisfied his master, or whether his master found means of satisfying him, is not known, but Zeky determined to remain loyal, and shortly afterwards joined the new administration.

So ends my sketch of the late Ministry, which may be summarized as consisting of

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four men (Chérif, Khaïri, Haidar, and Kadri), fairly honest, but utterly devoid of ideas, and of four others (Ali Moubarek, Fakri, Omar Loutfi, and Zeky), of greater ability, but of more doubtful honesty. What we effected with such tools is known.



SOME CONSULS-GENERAL.



## SOME CONSULS-GENERAL.

"He'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance."

*Henry IV., Part 1.*

EGYPTIAN local History, in the time of Ismail, centres round the Khedive; in the time of Tewfik, round the first Minister; but, to a cosmopolite like myself, much depends upon the man who leads society in Cairo; and because in every leader I have found such good friends and, as a rule, such characteristic representatives of different phases of English character, I cannot refrain from making the very slightest reference to all of them.

The first Consul-General I knew in Egypt was one Sir Robert Colquhoun; most genial

and warm-hearted of Scotchmen, with a word of friendship for every one who claimed in any way connection with the British flag, and a special pressure of the hand for the kindly Scot.

An old bachelor, unused to the wiles of the wicked, social, and diplomatic world, with a sister as innocent as himself to do the honours of the residency, he was, if fitted to negotiate with Said, quite unable to cope with the wily Ismail.

A Consul-General of the old school, accustomed to be heard, and if not obeyed, at least politely ignored, he was quite at a loss with Ismail, who accepted all suggestions with effusive warmth of expression, and then acted diametrically contrary to them. Gaining at last a knowledge of the man with whom he had to deal, and feeling his own inability for the struggle, he resigned the service and made room for Colonel Stanton.

Colonel Stanton, one of the most charming of men, was, of all types of English officials, the very worst that could have been chosen



as Consul-General for this period (1865). Any other fault than that which he possessed might have had its inconveniences, but none could have been more baneful than his perfect talent for *laissez-faire*. It was at a moment when Egypt's prosperity, occasioned by the American war, felt its first check; when Ismail required very careful guidance down Niagara. Obstinacy might have been dangerous; it might have produced a crisis difficult at that time to pass through with safety; but any risk would have been better than the fatal results of that long period of apathy.

Chérif was Ismail's Minister; Chérif and Colonel Stanton were intimate friends. I know no higher tribute to Chérif's honesty than that he succeeded in gaining the friendship of Stanton. I know no greater slur on Stanton's capacity than that he allowed that friendship to colour—I should say to deprive of all colour—our English policy.

At that time England played to Ismail the rôle she had played previously to Napo-

leon III. She became his political godfather before Europe. Not Stanton only, but Chérif himself, would have indignantly repudiated, had they known them, the many things done in their names, or at least under their shadow. It was no wonder if the *cattive lingue* of Alexandria insinuated charges against England's representative, which Englishmen repelled with scorn. Colonel Stanton was as honest a soldier as ever represented England abroad, and if such calumnies reached him, he had too much self-respect to answer them, or to seem to hear them. So honest was he, that he was unable to realize the danger. Chérif smoked good cigars, played a good game of billiards, and was a crack shot at a pigeon; and when Chérif gave him a pill of information, carefully prepared for him by Ismail, he swallowed it whole. As for Ismail, he treated him, with soldier-like respect, as the sovereign to whom he was accredited, and Ismail spoke of him as "*ce bon Stanton*;" but they never really knew each other. Ismail was too

clever and Stanton too lazy for them ever to seek more intimate knowledge of each other.

During one of Colonel Stanton's absences on leave there was, for some few months, an Acting Consul-General who left in that short time a golden reputation, acquired by the simple expedient of attending to his work. In those few months English interests made more progress than during the long ten years of Stanton's reign. It is sad to think that the reputation so quickly acquired was to bear so little fruit to the man who earned it. On the balcony of Shepherd's no form is better known than that of the prematurely aged man with the gentle voice and face, who gives us, with Oriental fancy of expression, in every known language, a welcome to the East, which he knows so well; and yet few among the many who learn to love him recognize in Lionel Moore an ex-Acting Consul-General.

On another occasion Colonel Stanton's *locum tenens* was the Hon. H. C. Vivian.

The success was by no means so complete : a bachelor of the clubs—he rather represented the sporting qualities of his countrymen than their more sober ones. He shot the Khedive's pigeons, rode the Khedive's horses, and acted as a sort of European master of the ceremonies at the Khedive's balls ; and when, upon the retirement of Colonel, now General Sir Edward Stanton, the *locum tenens* was named as his successor, old residents shook their heads, and thought mournfully of sleepy old Sir Robert Colquhoun.

But Harry of Lancaster himself changed not more completely when he became Henry V. than did Mr. Vivian when he returned as a married man to assume the full responsibilities of Consul-General. The times soon became critical, and necessitated a watchful eye on the part of England's representative. Opinions still differ very much, and I suppose always will do, on the question as to whether Mr. Vivian acted with judgment and discretion in the unfortunate conflict which

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occurred between him and Mr. Rivers Wilson, the newly-appointed Minister of Finance. Opinions differ too as to his ability, no one pretending, however, that it was anything very extraordinary. But on one point at least all are agreed—to the utmost measure of his ability, such as it was, he laboured indefatigably to promote what he believed to be the interest of the country he represented and the country in which he lived. No Consul-General within my recollection gave more time and more attention to every subject that came before him; no man, I believe, strove more honestly to arrive at a just conclusion. What amount of success attended his efforts is, I say, a matter of opinion. It may be admitted on the one hand that his despatches were more wordy and dramatic than was perhaps necessary; that a greater man would have found little difficulty in taming Sir Rivers Wilson; and that the unfortunate quarrel, however little he might be to blame, did not redound to his credit as a diplomatist. But putting all this aside, and

weeding his despatches of ornate rhetorical flourishes, I find in them, and I think those who study Egypt's subsequent history will find, a far clearer idea of the Egyptian situation than he has been given credit for. How much of this was due to his clear-headed friend, Major Baring, then one of the Commissioners of the Public Debt, we need not stay to inquire. But qualities that at least were his own were an English love of fair play, and English sense of honour and loyalty to those working under him.

Between Mr. Vivian and his successor there was a brief interregnum under that most popular of English officials, Mr. Frank Lascelles. The man himself was so cordial, so genuine, that one lost all thought of the Consul-General. I believe that had he involved England in war with all Europe, there would have been those who would have considered that Frank Lascelles was too good a fellow to have done it without reason, and therefore must be right. Whether reading Shakespeare, reciting a Fourth of



July oration, or, with twinkling eyes, drawing attention to the drollery of some eminently serious political question, he was always perfect and unapproachable. As it was, he did his official work thoroughly well without brag or bluster, quarrelled with nobody, got all he wanted, wrote short despatches, and, with all his sense of humour, was never wanting in dignity. He it was who saw Ismail Pasha fall; and when that was accomplished, he left Cairo mourning its darling, and looking with anxiety upon his successor.

For Mr. Malet came to the Valley of the Nile with a reputation, he was the rising man, the man who never made a blunder, the man always correct. Cairo, still warm with the sun of Lascelles, was not prepared to receive cordially this placid, cold moon-like diplomat. Who was this man who insisted upon being ranked higher than his predecessors, and who took the rank of Minister? He was unmarried, that was against him; he was young, that was almost as bad; there were few virgin hearts to flutter; and there



were many males to resent so young a leader of the colony.

I remember the awe which gradually stole over the colony shortly after his first appearance. This grave old young man, of footman-like appearance, always dressed in the most correct of fashion, if not of taste; who received visits in cold state; who returned them with freezing courtesy; who gave correct little dinners of appalling solemnity; whose most outspoken expression was a machine-like "Ah—ah" or "Yes—yes;" who baffled interviewers by such phrases as "It is very likely," "I really cannot say," "Do you think so?" and yet who seemed quickly to have acquired an ascendancy over Tewfik.

I leave aside for the moment all the political questions of the time, and am merely recording social experiences.

On one damp November day, I think there had been a thunderstorm the night previously, it was whispered at the club that Mr. Malet had made a joke. Had he been delivered of

a son and heir the excitement could hardly have been greater; crowds called that week in the hope of catching a lingering echo of it, or at least detecting the traces of a ripple upon that face. ' Little by little it went abroad that there was a really human being underneath that coat and behind that face; one began to hear him spoken of as "Malet," just as if he were an ordinary individual, and the change in his character—like the changes in his policy, by the way—was so gradual and imperceptible that one could hardly follow it. And one bright sunny morning it was rumoured Sir Edward (for he had got his K.C.B.) had written a play, the next day that he was going to act in it. Then there was wild excitement—Cairo thought it was prepared for anything; yet the next day's news sent them gasping home—the performance was postponed because the stern Macchiavellian diplomat had broken his jaw in trying to jump over a chair! *Post hoc*, perhaps not *propter hoc*, the funds oscillated wildly that day. After this no surprise was possible, and even

the spectacle of all the youth and beauty of Cairo weeping at the station on the day of his departure, weeping and refusing to be comforted because Malet was not, even this spectacle did not seem more extraordinary than one might expect.

Remembering all this, I read his published despatches, and compare them with my own diary with a lessened feeling of astonishment.

It is true that I find two Sir Edwards, the one who recommends the sending of Turkish troops, and the other who considers it would be a fatal mistake; but then in the same social individual I have found nothing but contradictions; how then can I expect anything else when I come to examine the political one?

Let me try and divide this Protean personage into his numerous political forms.

There are, I take it, about five principal ones:—

First—The naked Mr. Malet, if I may use so disrespectful a term; I mean Mr. Malet as

he arrived in Egypt with nothing but himself and his own traditions to lean upon.

Second—The naked Sir Edward, that is the same man plus extra experience and slightly increased confidence.

Third—The Malet of the Blue Books, one and indivisible ; of one person, and as many minds as the Cabinet.

Fourth—Sir Edward Malet *à la* Colvin.

Fifth—Macchiavelli Malet according to the gospel of Blunt.

The first shape is naturally the mould upon which all others are based, and yet hardly solid enough to be worthy the title of a mould. In fact, a poor creature wanting both in starch and flavour. The Mr. Malet who arrived in Egypt in 1879 had, to his immense surprise, proved hitherto a success. When he came to examine the causes, he discovered that it was solely owing to the fact that he had committed no blunder. From this, aided by the intelligence of Lord Lyons, he arrived at the conclusion that the successful diplomatist was not he who made most *coups*, but he who made

fewest mistakes. By his own unaided intelligence, he next arrived at the conclusion that the man who did nothing and said nothing would have long odds in his favour, and upon these lines he determined as far as possible to act. He first of all modestly hesitated to take the position, but he was soon convinced that it was not so difficult as he feared. Egypt was starting afresh under a young and pliable Khedive, with all the blessings of Constitution. He was to gain personal influence over Tewfik, and to keep him in the paths of Constitutionalism. Malet considered that a Constitutional ruler had so little to do, that the less he did the better, and therefore the position of guide, counsellor, and friend could not be so difficult a one. It is true that when he arrived he found he had to do with a Constitutional sovereign without a Constitution, and a more original mind might have seen that the ordinary axioms would not apply; but Malet was not original, and he determined that, Constitution or no, his *protégé* should act as a Constitutional king,

and do nothing. For a little time all went well. By irreproachable courtesy, not only to the Khedive, but to all around him, and by the wisdom of silence, he soon acquired the reputation of a deep diplomat. On no single occasion, however momentous the crisis, however hot the sun, was he ever known to dispense with the regulation top hat, the perfectly fitting surtout, the highly polished boots, and the delicate lavender gloves. I remember one eventful morning, when all the palace was in the wildest excitement, and the Consuls-General were hurriedly sent for, the representative of Austria rushed into the presence, having forgotten his hat, and grasping frantically a white umbrella. The French and German Consuls wore simple billycocks, and passed in too hurriedly to acknowledge the salute even of the Master of the Ceremonies. Malet, not a minute behind the others, walked in as if to an ordinary levée, and greeted with his usual impressive serenity every official. "Ah," said an excited official, "il ira loin, ce Mons. Malet ; il est si gentil !"



Nor was this impassiveness by any means a quality to be despised. Had it hidden anything behind it, it would have been an excellent quality; as it was, it looked well and hid a void. Sometimes, though, it was rather dangerously transparent; on one occasion, Tewfik, at his wits' end how to act, appealed to his friend, "What shall I do?" Malet looked unutterably wise, pondered for some minutes deeply, gave his whole mind to the question, and then answered with solemn impressiveness, "I think I should recommend your Highness to do nothing."

The time came, however, when doing nothing was no longer practicable; by this time Malet had entered his second phase—he had been to England, and returned Sir Edward Malet. The difference, of course, was not very great, but it was still perceptible. On his arrival in England he had evidently been treated as a success, all had gone fairly well, and he was warmed in the sunny smiles of approval. But suddenly occurred the demonstration of September; it is wrong to say



that Sir Edward had not anticipated some event of this sort—he had felt it must be coming, but he seems to have assumed that it could hardly take place in his absence. He felt that confidence was a little shaken in him, and then he undertook that mysterious journey to Constantinople. The objects of that journey Blue Books apparently will never be allowed to reveal; but whatever they were, they may be assumed to have failed. The Foreign Office tried to throw the blame on Malet, and he was sad—the policy of doing nothing had hardly proved a success, and he was depressed. It was at this time, in one of his few unguarded moments, he let fall the expression, “I’m afraid I shall hardly get out of this Egyptian business without a spill;” and the remark showed much of the character of the man. The rider who is wondering whether he shall be able to keep his seat, is not likely to be of much good across country. If he did not get a spill, it was because he was very firmly held on.

The Malet of the Blue Books was a very

unreal personage, the creation of pen and ink. I imagine that when he received a despatch from the Foreign Office, his first study was to make out what reply they wished him to make; that ascertained, the reply was made, possibly slightly tempered by his own convictions. Those who knew him at this time most intimately, who were best able to divine his hidden ideas, were utterly aghast when they came to read those he had expressed in his despatches. The writer himself, when he came to see them in print, must have felt inclined to exclaim, "Lord a' mercy on me; this is none of I." It is, of course, charitable to suppose that there were other more confidential despatches which were not allowed to see the light, and which helped considerably to modify the tenor of those which had been published. At all events, it is only bare justice to say that the Malet of the Blue Books proves himself inferior, both in intelligence and in appreciation of the situation, to the man himself.

But here we find it very difficult to draw the line and to mark the boundary between this and his next phase—between Sir Edward Malet himself and Sir Edward as the simple mouthpiece of Sir Auckland Colvin. It is impossible to understand the action of our representative in Cairo without taking note of Sir Auckland, who, moreover, may be very fairly classed among Acting Consuls-General, for if he never actually held the position, he practically exercised the functions during Sir Edward Malet's absence.

Mr. Auckland Colvin came to Egypt as Director of the Cadastral Survey; he was an Indian official, who had already acquired a considerable reputation in India for long-headedness. There were reasons why he chose to take a position in Egypt which many considered not good enough for him. Major Baring was at that time English representative at the Public Debt Office; he had known the new chief of the Cadastre in India, and knew that in him Egypt had got hold of a hard-headed man, who worked out his own

ideas, and did not accept them ready made from others. When Baring became Controller-General he kept Colvin near him, and a year later, when he left for India, he recommended him as his successor.

As Controller-General he was junior to his French colleague, Mons. de Blignières, and he at once showed one excellent quality, peculiarly valuable in Egypt, that of self-effacement. A man of very strong opinions, and a firm will to enforce them, he at once recognized that he should best obtain the object he had at heart by allowing his colleague to take the lead. An ambitious man, by no means indifferent to public opinion, he yet determined that he would sacrifice notoriety, that he would even brave misconstruction for the sake of gaining his object. The result was that, while he was supposed to be a mere cypher in the Control, while his colleague was frequently spoken of as *the* Controller-General, as if Colvin did not exist, the real head and brains of the institution lay in the Englishman who was so

seldom spoken of. The time came when he had to put himself forward, and I have already shown how, on the day of the September revolt, he showed no hesitation in taking responsibility. From that day Sir Auckland Colvin—for he received the K.C.M.G.—became a different personage; his colleague retired, and he became senior Controller. Mons. Brédif—De Blignières' successor—was neither a strong nor an assuming man; it would have been impossible to have placed him in the Government, nor could Sir Auckland any longer have kept himself in the background.

Cold and reserved, of harsh and forbidding manners, of unpromising appearance, he was yet generally recognized as the real ruling spirit, not of the Control only, but of the Khedive and of his Ministers.

Until this time Malet and Colvin had been good friends, but nothing more. The latter, we may be sure, had pretty well measured his Consul-General; but insight into character was not Malet's strong point, and he had

only seen in Colvin a dry, doubtless capable official, but one who was equally unimpressed by the high diplomatic tone, and unlikely to join in a frolic of jumping over chairs. But when he returned from England, he recognized that Colvin had achieved a success, while he himself had come very near a failure. Such men generally admire the quality they are themselves most deficient in, and the timid Consul-General could not quite hide his admiration for the presence of mind that the Controller-General had shown. Moreover, Colvin had clearly acquired a strong influence over Tewfik, and to keep with Tewfik he must either oppose Colvin or go with him. There was no doubt which was the simpler way, and it is fair to suppose that he honestly believed that Colvin's judgment was likely to be sounder than his own. However that may be, it is certain that from that time any Malet distinct from Colvin ceased to exist. Resuming his old rôle, Colvin kept himself well in the background, but none the less directed every single



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measure. In fact, with equal ascendancy over Malet, the Khedive, and Chérif, he practically ruled supreme, and from September, 1881, to the bombardment in July, 1882, such power as the Khedive or England could exercise in Egypt was at his command. The praise or the blame of all that happened must fall upon his shoulders alone. He began by trying to conciliate Arabi, he invited him to dinner; he made him Under Secretary of War; he thought he could arrange all amicably. When he found that he could not, that is very early in 1882, he felt the only other alternative was war. He declared war then, and no one knowing the man and the man he had to do with, doubted for a moment that war would come. He was of course assisted by Arabi's blunders, and it took him exactly six months to get the British Government to act. In all this he was, I believe, inspired by the very best motives; he is a hard, strong man, no dreamer, but a believer in practical politics. It is not my intention to pronounce any



opinion on his policy; but, seeing the position into which matters had been brought by September, when, so to speak, he began to reign, there is much to be said in favour of it. That a more peaceable solution might have been arrived at had our Government acted with more firmness from the beginning, can hardly be doubted; but all such discussion is simply beating the wind.

The Macchiavellian Malet described by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Sir William Gregory is so entirely a fictitious character that it is not worth discussion. Hardly any other adjective would so well describe what Sir Edward Malet was *not*.

The character is neither uncommon nor one very difficult to explain. There was a story that last winter went the rounds of Cairo which always seems to me to give some insight into his character. He was educated at Eton, and presided at a dinner of some twenty-five Etonians. Some one of them started the idea that each should write on a piece of paper the number of times he had

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been birched. When they came to be opened, it was found that the score of the demure Minister exceeded that of the other twenty-four added together! He was, in fact, a wild, troublesome boy, always getting into scrapes, who had been whipped into propriety. He lives with the recollection of that birch-rod before his eyes. The instincts remain, and in the secrecy of his chamber he is still capable of chair-jumping or any other extravagance, but he hides it as he would a favourite sin, and he has so encrusted himself with a varnish of propriety and diplomacy, that it has all but become a part of him. When for a moment he forgets himself, and you see the man himself, you find some one goodnatured, genial, not unintelligent, but yet, out of pure boyish exuberance of spirits, or want of any experience except that which he puts on with his varnish, certain to do something wildly foolish. The knowledge of this fact, and the fear of the birch before his eyes, induce him rarely to put aside the varnish, and with it on he is a passable

and eminently respectable representative of H.M.'s Government in any Court where his duties are not likely to require any originality of thought. He is careful, painstaking, energetic, and invariably courteous. During the last few years, England's interests in Cairo have required the practised hands of a tried diplomatist. Sir Edward Malet, who would have succeeded in ordinary times, failed to rise to the required level.





## CONCLUSION.

"We'll show what's yet behind, that's meet you all  
should know."

*Measure for Measure.*

THESE sketches were originally written rather as memoranda to amuse a friend than with any idea that they would ever attain the dignity of a volume.

I am not going to tire "the gentle reader" with any apology for defects inseparable from work done in scant moments of leisure, but merely to say, in justice to the friend who has revised them, and deems them worthy of publication, that any merit in their style is probably due to him rather than to me.

Since some were written many months have passed by, bringing with them events of weightier importance to the pleasant land

which I have visited so often as to regard it as a second home.

The dummy Ministry has gone, and its place is taken by one still more dummy-like, but with this inestimable superiority, that it recognizes and admits its dummyhood.

Of the principal figurehead I have already spoken. Chérif has returned to the paths of innocence and billiards, the happy green-board where correspondents cease from troubling, and weary *hommes d'Etat* are all at rest ; he has put aside the blue spectacles, he can indulge now in the luxury of truth, but speaks of, as little as he cares for, the progress of the country or the good of its people.

In his place is the genial but wily old Armenian, who, raising his eyes to heaven and discoursing on the far superior pleasure of potato culture, accepts office with a countenance beaming with joy at the self-sacrifice he is making for the benefit of his country. Nubar, I would remark, is, as it were, playing on this occasion an entirely new rôle. For



the first time he is giving signs of a quality for which I had not given him credit—the power of self-effacement. Seeing that he can only rule through England, that is, Sir Evelyn Baring, he has effaced himself. A man so astute has not consented to a rôle so foreign to his nature without much repugnance, nor without some other object higher than the mere possession of office. He delights in calling himself the oil that greases the wheels of administration, but he is much more like the fuel which chiefly enables the engine-driver to work the locomotive. As capable a man in his way as Sir Evelyn Baring himself, the one as subtle as the other is strong, it is an interesting study to watch the action of the two minds, and to determine which of the two is actually dominating the other. It reminds one of the amicable encounter between Cœur de Lion and Saladin.

As for the rest of the Cabinet, is it worth while speaking of them? Of the Finance Minister, who holds his portfolio because he

has proved that he will hang on to anything that he can get? Of the Minister of Public Works, chosen over twenty applicants because he surpasses them in ignorance of his nominal duties? Of the Minister of the Interior, whose main qualification is sleepiness and general indifference? No! let us emulate Nubar rather than the English Government; let us be bluff and straightforward as the Armenian, rather than Oriental as the Englishmen; let us say with the former, "Government! there is no Government here, the Government is in London; here I *administer* 'Egypt for the Egyptians.'"

We have seen many other changes while these articles were writing, and since. The courtly Dufferin, chuckling, as he wrote his report, because, heaven be praised, the execution of it devolved upon another, has retired; the *Deus ex machina* has gone back into his box amidst a blaze of rhetoric. Sir Edward Malet has taken up the tangled skein, giving a lazy pull or two at the knot, and, leaving confusion worse confounded,

retired to Brussels, "bearing his sheaves with him"—perfect sheaves of evergreen laurel and cypress. *De Mortuis . . . ergo nil.*

Evelyn the First reigns in his stead, and the "bearing-rein," as a facetious correspondent styles it, is drawn tight, so much so that poor Chérif jibbed at last. Nor was it to be wondered at. I met one day two melancholy, jaded, and harassed officials slinking from the Residency. "Tell me, oh ——," said the one to the other, "what on earth made him speak to us like that." "Hush," said the other, lowering his voice to a whisper, in which fear was mixed with scepticism; "I fear because he means it."

For the first time for many long years there is at the British Residency in Cairo a firm hand and a steady grip, a voice that speaks to be obeyed, a rider who gives the English Government itself a lead, and does not wait for it.

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Who says the Government of Egypt is in

Downing Street? It is the "Maison Baird" in Cairo that rules Egypt, and in Egyptian matters the English Cabinet itself.

Since Sir Evelyn Baring came to Egypt, some seven years ago, as simple member of the Caisse, he has, by much thought, added several cubits to his mental stature. Had the opportunity been afforded of choosing from every rank of life, social position, profession, or political party, no more happy choice could have been made than that major of artillery who had already laid the foundation of his reputation as secretary to Lord Northbrook in India. He had not been ten days in Egypt before the keenest intelligence in it (one Ismail Khedive of that ilk) said, "There is a man capable of governing this country." The famous Commission of Inquiry, foundation of all good that has since been effected in Egypt, was his idea, what is best in the report was his work; and when it became necessary to appoint a Controller-General, there was no second name to suggest. In a month he

had, by well-timed action, the Ministry under his thumb. People talked of his colleague, Mons. De Blignières, as the leading Controller. It suited De Blignières, who withal was thoroughly loyal, to assume the leading part, to personify to the public the Control, and it suited Baring quite as well. So it suits the man behind the curtain in the thrilling drama of "Punch and Judy" to allow the unsophisticated infantile audience to look upon his *dramatis personæ* as the principal actors. When the performance is over he emerges from the green curtain, shoulders the whole theatre, and goes his way. In fact he does the hard work, bears the weight when it has to be carried, and is invisible to the public during the performance; while Toby wags his tail and collects the halfpence; and so it was with Baring and De Blignières.

Happy would it have been for England and Egypt had he never left the country! The history of the last ten years would have been altered; the Gladstone Ministry would,

so far as Egypt is concerned, have had a life-tenure of office, and the two countries would have been by four millions each the richer.

However, what have I to do with politics ?

“ Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour,  
To think of things that are well outworn ?  
Of fruitless husk and fugitive flower,  
The dream foregone, and the deed forborne ?  
Though joy be done with and grief be vain,  
Time shall not sever us wholly in twain ;  
Earth is not spoilt for a single shower,  
But the rain has ruin'd the ungrown corn.”

The future Chancellor of the Exchequer (I like to prophecy) has been described in personal appearance as half Bradlaugh, half Lord Derby, but I am not good at mere facial photography. To see him at a weary Cairo social gathering, one is irresistibly reminded of the mastiff trying to look like a lap-dog. I am told that the ladies say he is a “bearist.” Do they want the somewhat too marked attentions of one of his predecessors, or the platitudes of another ? Men, at least, feel the unspeakable



relief of having to deal with something human, and not a mere incarnate Blue-Book.

The sympathy between him and Evelyn the Second is not readily explicable to the superficial observer.

People believe Sir Evelyn Wood to be rather a crotchet-monger; "one full of sentiment," the only General called him. Those who know him better are inclined to term "common honesty" what Wolseley calls sentiment. He has, however, the reputation of being too theoretical, while the other Sir Evelyn is believed to be brutally practical. The fact is, both of them are singularly honest, straightforward men. When some one suggested Wood himself as successor to Dufferin, a sceptic answered, "I'm afraid he can't lie well enough for a diplomatist," and I have heard the same defect urged as Baring's cardinal vice. Both warm-hearted, hard workers, strict disciplinarians, sincere to the core, and loathing humbug, the two men were bound to answer

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key was turned upon him in the barracks, and there he remained. Now, except at stated periods of the day, the Egyptian soldier is as free as his brother fellah; he is better fed, better housed, better clothed, and as well dressed. When Sir Evelyn talked of giving a portion of the men leave, wiseacres shook their heads and laughed, "They will never come back." The little Sirdar was going to try, however. Some 2000 were given railway tickets to their villages, and another return ticket, available only for the day upon which they were to return: when the day arrived, every man answered to his name!

In the old system, who ever heard again of a poor fellah once taken as a soldier?—the man was dead to his village and his friends. Sir Evelyn arranged a postal system, by which a man could communicate at a reduced charge as often as he wished, and even remit money if so disposed. "Ridiculous!" said the wiseacres; but the men *do* write, and *do* remit their pay.

And, a thing incredible in Egypt, even

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private, who seemed to fear sentence of death.

“Soldiers, I am placed by his Highness the Khedive, in command of this army. I intend that, except in matters of religion, it shall be conducted upon English principles. One English principle is that no man shall offer or accept backsheesh.” (Gasp of astonishment among the auditors at this simply revolutionary doctrine.) “Private Ibrahim, of  $x$  company,  $y$  battalion,  $z$  brigade, is it true that you paid an examining doctor nine pounds to be declared unfit?”

The culprit murmured, “Yes.”

“Is it true that you were, notwithstanding, conscripted, and never received back your money?”

Again an affirmative.

“Count over the money in that packet” (throwing an envelope containing nine gold sovereigns at his feet).

There is much craning of necks among the soldiers; Ibrahim is evidently thought to be in luck. The unhappy wretch himself can

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left them and fled from contagion, these twenty or thirty "cursed Christians," as they used to be called, sat with them, nursed them day and night, did the most menial offices for them, soothed them in their agony, and, if of no avail, carried them themselves to their graves. Has all this, I ask, had *no* effect whatever? Does human nature in Cairo differ so much from human nature elsewhere? I am not going to decide the military value of this force; but it is worth while recording that, when they were ordered to do gendarmerie service, and believed that they were going to the Soudan, no single soldier deserted; that, when Captain Hallam Parr required six soldiers for Souakin, his whole battalion volunteered.

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till time has placed a distance between us and him to enable us to see the poetic beauty and consistency of his character.

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Even while I write these lines, the man who left me only a few days ago with absolute confidence, with thorough faith, in the right hand of God wherein he lies, may have fallen, a mute sacrifice for some unknown end :—

“ I go to prove my soul !  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive ! what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not ; but unless God send His hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,  
In some good time, His good time, I shall arrive.  
He guides me and the bird. In His good time ? ”

Almost in these words of Browning he said “ Good-bye.”—But I feel that I am on ground unsuited to these pages.

Some of the sketches, to which this is a

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conclusion, have not been seen by me for months, and the contents of them have entirely gone from my memory. I trust that there is in them nothing of too personal a nature; nothing likely to cause one moment's pain to any of my numerous Egyptian friends.

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